

Should Rodino Go to Court? *Alexander M. Bickel*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—June 8, 1974, 50 cents

The Hitler Boom

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

PAUL R. WIECK

on Wallace in Texas

ELIOT MARSHALL

on Bloody Harlan Revisited

ROBERT COLES

on Erik H. Erikson's new book

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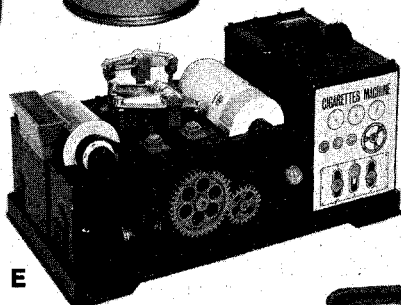
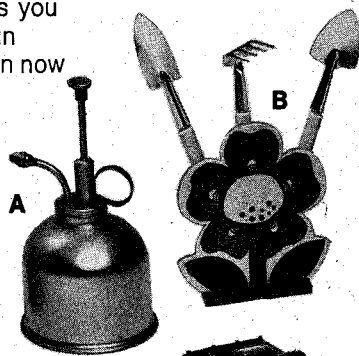
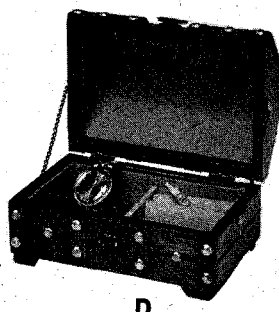
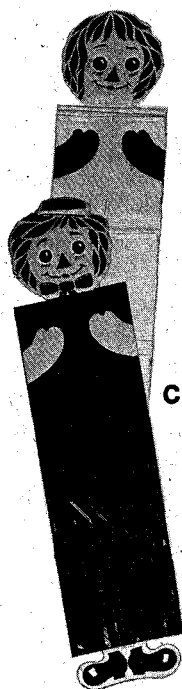


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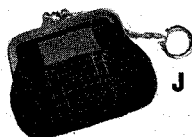
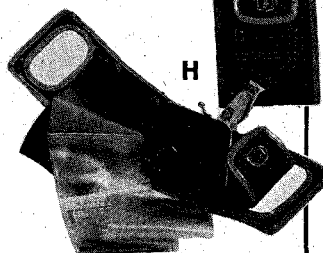
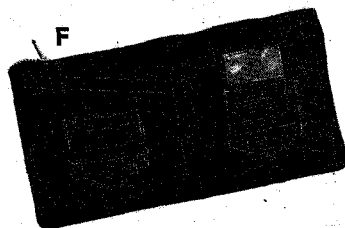
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TRB

from Washington
June 8, 1974

Remembering D-Day

At 10:30 pm 30 years ago the loudspeaker bawls "All hands man your battle stations" and a bugle blows "general quarters," and I jump out of my berth on the heavy cruiser USS *Quincy*, Capt. Senn commanding, give an embarrassed glance at the frightened young man in war correspondent's uniform looking out at me from the mirror and say, "You fool, you damn fool, with a wife and family, what in hell are you doing here!" and go on up to the open bridge to observe D-Day. June 5-6, 1944. We are going to invade Normandy.

A couple of hours before this the chaplain prayed for us. Out in the breeze or down in the engine room men bared their heads. I looked back toward England and wondered: something marvelous was going on. All the world's ships were coming our way. Big ships, little ships, convoys with barrage balloons tugging them ahead. British ships, Dutch ships. Free French ships. Their names mingled like a chant. The British names came down through history: The *Black Prince*, for instance, buddying up with the old battlewagons *Texas* and *Arkansas*. One transport was the *Susan B. Anthony* (sunk within hours).

"Ask and it shall be given; seek and ye shall find," said the chaplain. We hoped it was so, and it was no time for doubts. "Our help is in the Lord. . ."

Now it is midnight. The sky is overcast. Somewhere up there the moon is one night from being full. Once it glows out and casts us in full relief in a silvery patch. Our ship is flanked by shadowy destroyers. There are only dim red battle lights. Suddenly over in France there is a spurt of tracer bullets and a falling meteor that I suppose is really an airplane. I keep thinking of home, where

they are finishing supper at seven and getting ready for homework. We are probably all thinking the same thing. We talk in whispers.

Here is a wonderful thing! We are on a dark sea moving at half speed toward history and here are little pinpricks of cheery light, bobbing discreetly on the surface—a mine-swept safety lane marked so that even a landsman could follow it. They give a wonderful emotional release—somebody has been here, somebody has planned this. A sense of the immensity of this thing slowly grows.

There is no harbor ahead so we are taking our harbors with us—so-called mulberries and gooseberries, to be created by sinking old warships and merchant ships as jetties against rough weather. They are chugging out under their own power like the *Black Prince* and the *Susan B. Anthony*. We were briefed on this but we don't believe it. We will attack about where William the Conqueror sailed for England in 1066.

It is three am; it is four am. We are six miles off shore, off what will be called Utah Beach. By now the enemy must know what's up. Bombers roar overhead. Flares drop inland. I am so wrought up I do knee bends. A thousand youngsters are on board almost as inexperienced as I. It is pathetic to hear them ask my opinion. Everything's fine, I say. Now we wait three miles off shore. All nine guns point at the beach. 5:30 am. There are yellow streaks in the cloud cover. Now! The guns go off and the *Quincy* bounces. Dawn finds us on Germany's doormat like the morning milk bottle.

I don't know much about battles. After an hour of this there is a certain sameness. First I am frightened and then bored and ashamed of both emotions. We are supposed to soften up shore batteries for the landing parties. At six am we still bang away methodically, like a thunderbolt worked by clockwork. At 6:30 the landing craft hit the beaches. The immensity of sky and land dwarfs everything so that from here you have to hear the noise and strain at the binoculars to know a battle is going on. Maybe this is true of all battles. If you are in the middle you can't figure the score. A destroyer is hit, a mine explodes with a geyser higher than the National Press Building, a plane lays a smoke screen. Our destroyers practically walk on the beach. A little French village with a spire nestles in the cliffs.

And now runty little barges go ashore like a line of beetles. They are brave men aboard. Except for the luck of the draw I would be on one. I pick out a squarish little craft with a lace of foam in front. It is like picking out a particular ant. What would I be doing now if I were aboard, instead of Ken Crawford of *Newsweek*? Would I have the guts? God knows. The one I have picked reaches the beach, loses its foam, waddles up—I can't see her but I bet the seasick GIs are glad to exchange horrors.

Nine am, ten am, noon. The cook has made a mistake. He thought yesterday was D-Day and served ice cream and cake; now it's just beans.

It is afternoon. I could sleep a week. I put on headphones in the communications room. A German broadcast denies any troops are ashore. They seem befuddled. We have attacked Dieppe and Dunkirk, they say. A BBC broadcast says we are winning. Cheers. Nobody here has any idea. Mostly it is a communications jargon, the sound of a battle: the parent voice crying out loudly and commandingly. Suddenly a quiet voice identifies itself. "I am pinned down," says the quiet voice. "I am between machine gun pillbox crossfire."

The drama is in that line of landing craft, so close to us I can almost see faces. I can see the burly skipper of the nearest and notice his arms are akimbo. He looks contemptuously at the USS *Quincy*. I bet he comes from the North River. I bet he is a tugboat captain. He sweeps the battle with an uncomplimentary eye. If he spoke he would have a Jersey accent and would take no back talk from nobody, see?—not from no warship, not from no Germans. We let go an eight-inch salvo over his right ear that must at least establish a feeling of mutual respect.

About 11 that night, double summertime, begins a great droning. An unending line of bombers comes out of England each towing a paratroop glider. They are in single line formation, so many that they arch the sky from horizon to horizon. After the first batch comes a second, and as it passes flying high the first begins to return, without the gliders, which have crash-landed. Paratroopers in silk webs are in tree-tops, steeples—behind the lines. It is a cavalry charge and I have seen it. I am unable to speak. I look up, my eyes are wet. It is like a religious experience. This is my country doing this. I am doing this. *That swine—Hitler*. I am so proud.

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From Bombing To Bargaining

Secretary Kissinger re-earned his Nobel peace prize this past month. However precarious the cease-fire between Syria and Israel, and whatever the continuing menace of Arab guerrilla terrorism and the unresolved status of Jerusalem and of the Palestinians, a turn in the road has been reached in the Middle East. But if it has taken so many weeks to negotiate a temporary line of truce along the Golan Heights between the Israelis and the Syrians and earlier, a separation and withdrawal of Israeli and Egyptian forces, a broad territorial settlement acceptable to all parties is bound to be even more time-consuming and difficult. Nevertheless a beginning has been made, and any turn from bombing to bargaining is cause for rejoicing.

It is unwise, but it is not unreasonable for President Nixon to want a share of the acclaim for the success of Henry Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy. The Secretary is, after all, the President's agent. So if Mr. Nixon chooses, as we anticipate he will, to dress up his bedraggled Watergate image by dominating the news in his role of traveling world leader and peacemaker, he will be doing what the politics of survival dictates. This journal has nevertheless expressed strong reservations about the President's going abroad this summer. Those reservations stand, however irrelevant they may be to Mr. Nixon's personal political concerns. Our thought was and is that until the question of his impeachment is settled by the Congress, the President should stay home, forswear grandstanding abroad, leave the negotiating to his competent Secretary of State and staff. For at this stage of the Watergate inquiry, the continuity in office and the credibility of the Secretary of State are less open to question than the continuity and credibility of Mr. Nixon. The President has said he does not want the impeachment proceedings to be unnecessarily delayed. Let him therefore help them along to an expeditious conclusion by being available in Washington and by making available whatever evidence may be required by those authorized to gather facts and come to a judgment.

As Secretary Kissinger pauses for breath—if he ever does—all the principal parties to future Middle East negotiations—and they include the US and the Soviet Union as well as the Arab states and Israel—will soon have to address themselves to involving the Palestinians in the bargaining process. It will not be easy, but if it is not

done, it is hard to see how any lasting accommodation between the Arab states and the Israelis can be reached. The world has not yet recovered from the shock of the May 15 carnage at Maalot, when Israeli troops rushed a school where about 90 Israeli students were held hostage by Arab terrorists: the statistics—25 dead, 60 wounded—speak for themselves; or from the shock of the Israeli reprisals the following two days later on refugee camps in eastern Lebanon—leaving, for the first day alone, over 50 dead, 20 missing, 1774 wounded and 120 destroyed homes. A month earlier, at Kiryat Shmona on April 14, the Arabs invaded a school that happened to be empty because the pupils were on an outing and only then did they seize an apartment house occupied by several families. Several small children were thrown out of a second-story window. Previous targets of the guerrillas have included Olympic athletes, Puerto Rican pilgrims at Lydda, travelers at the airports of Athens and Rome, or anyone within range at marketplaces or bus stops in Israel. Whether more lives were lost or saved by the Israeli intervention at Maalot will never be known. The inevitable recriminations only add to the tragedy.

As Secretary Kissinger knows well, Israeli and Palestinian guerrilla options are few and grim. From the Israeli standpoint resistance to terrorist demands, especially when children are seized as hostages, seems unbearable; on the other hand capitulation may prove more costly in the long run since each success sharpens the guerrillas' appetite. From the point of view of the Arab attackers, a cessation of the murderous raids might be interpreted as weakness and undercut whatever negotiating leverage they may hope to gain. In Beirut, Nayef Hawatmeh, head of the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine, publicly took credit for the Maalot massacre, whose purpose, he explained, had been to torpedo the possibility of a peace settlement—at least a settlement unfavorable to the Palestinians. And it should be noted that Hawatmeh is the individual whom Paul Jacobs (*Washington Post*, April 4, 1974) singled out as a moderate, not committed to the "forced elimination of Israel." Commenting on this "Marxist-oriented" Palestinian, Jacobs added the hopeful note: "Never before has a Palestinian leader attempted to engage the Israeli people in a direct dialogue." The dialogue heard at Maalot was certainly direct.

A change in this pattern of attack and reprisal obviously depends on a settlement that takes into account the fears and grievances of all parties. But that change goes hand in hand with bringing the violent extremists under control, so that they are no longer free to create a climate of rage and bitterness, goading Israel into retaliatory acts that risk the resumption of full-scale war. One hopeful contribution here is the provision in the "Kissinger agreement" for a UN Disengagement Observer Force of 1250 men to supervise the cease-fire between Israel and Syria, and troop with-

drawals. The US will seek the UN Security Council's consent to this provision and request it to establish the force. A similar UN-patrolled buffer zone between Israel and Lebanon is a logical next step.

Israel is struggling on two fronts. First there is the major effort, with Secretary Kissinger's assistance, to make headway toward peace with the encircling Arab states—though not at the price of giving up all the territory Israel has won through past military actions. Simultaneously the Israelis must resist terrorist attacks, not only in self-defense, but because those attacks imperil the fragile negotiation process itself. In the reprisal after the Maalot tragedy Israel showed none of the restraint previously displayed. She struck at villages without waiting to evacuate dwellings in the vicinity. No doubt the Security Council's most recent failure to censure the guerrillas as well as Israel—a failure that Israelis believed encouraged the perpetrators of the Maalot massacre—added to Israel's fury.

Far from being "mindless," the actions of the Palestinian guerrillas have been calculated to produce a crescendo of violence. And Israel's awareness of this strategy is not, unfortunately, likely to result in calculated forbearance. No country can passively accept the killing of its children, particularly a country with so vivid a memory of the million young Jews exterminated in the Nazi holocaust. In addition Israeli authorities still hope that reprisals may goad Arab states into restricting guerrilla activities, or at least cause endangered villagers to refuse to provide shelter for terrorist trainees. So far this expectation has proved unrealistic. Indeed Lebanon's Prime Minister Taki-Adin El Sulh recently said that "Lebanon is firmly committed to continue cooperation with the guerrilla command."

Israeli authorities have so far been able to control a small Jewish group clamoring for indiscriminate counter-terror. During the turmoil following bombings in public places, the Israeli police have protected Arabs found in the vicinity of the blast from mob vengeance. The guerrillas have committed their outrages, confident that no extremist element in Israel would be permitted to seize Arab children and hold them for ransom against the lives of Israeli children. But who can be certain that under desperate pressure the temptation to stage a *quid pro quo* might not prove stronger than the sense of the Jewish community?

Terrorism has become a worldwide affliction, spreading far beyond the Middle East. The capitulation of governments to various forms of Arab blackmail has degenerated into a passive complicity in violence. The agenda for peace then calls for the end to violence, along with the participation of the Palestinians in future negotiations. Meanwhile Arab states that have nurtured the terrorist organizations will have to take greater responsibility than in the past for containing them.

The Fall of Fulbright

Congress is bound to suffer from the loss of J. William Fulbright, who was devastatingly defeated by Gov. Dale Bumpers in the Arkansas Democratic primary last week. Fulbright's record was spotty on such matters as civil rights, welfare, minimum wages, oil depletion allowances and gun controls. Nor was he a consistently effective legislator during his 30 years in the Senate. A stubborn, brooding man who sometimes resembled an 18th-century philosopher more than a 20th-century politician, he frequently withdrew into the shell of his own convictions, rather than negotiate the compromises necessary for the passage of laws. One of the few major measures that bears his name is the scholarship program he sponsored nearly three decades ago. But whatever his shortcomings, Fulbright played a unique and valuable role as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and his performance there should earn him a niche in history. He transformed a body that had largely been a rubber stamp of successive administrations into a platform to educate the public and to challenge much of the conventional nonsense about international affairs.

Some of Fulbright's finest hours were his open hearings. He brought mainland China to the national consciousness through testimony by experts, long before President Nixon dreamed of visiting Peking. His televised interrogation of former Secretary of State Dean Rusk on Vietnam just after the 1968 Tet Offensive stimulated the drive for disengagement. At the same time, viewing the committee as an educational instrument, Fulbright encouraged his staff to investigate dubious US activities abroad. One such probe documented the "secret war" then being waged in Laos by tribal mercenaries trained and subsidized by the Central Intelligence Agency. Another uncovered the inner workings of the administration's bombing campaign in Cambodia, and also brought to light the extent of American support for the Greek dictatorship. These studies helped initiate foreign policy legislation.

The dynamism that characterized the Foreign Relations Committee during its adversary days began to fade when Henry Kissinger became Secretary of State. Committee members were reluctant in the face of Mr. Nixon's waning power to criticize the only administration figure who appeared to be both effective and intelligent. More significantly, Fulbright essentially agreed with Kissinger's policies.

Under the seniority system Fulbright is scheduled to be replaced as committee chairman by Sen. John Sparkman of Alabama, who has been a yes-man in foreign affairs during several administrations. Attempts have been made to dissuade him from taking the job, on the grounds that he would then have to leave the chairmanship of the Banking Committee to Wisconsin Sen. William Proxmire, whose iconoclasm annoys the financial community. One compromise

being discussed is for Mike Mansfield to assume control of Foreign Relations, without stepping down as majority leader. But Sparkman, who is approaching 75 and views the direction of the Foreign Relations Committee as a cap to his career, seems eager to exercise his prerogatives. However this game of musical chairmanships is played, Fulbright's cantankerous, literate presence will be missed. And as for Dale Bumpers, all one can say at this moment is that he looks like a "comer"—a kind of George Wallace with a Christian overlay.

National Health

The health insurance debate opened officially May 20 with a speech by President Nixon over network radio in which he laid out the problem in numerical terms—25 million Americans have no insurance at all, less than half those under age 65 are protected against catastrophic illness, and almost none over 65 are protected. Now's the time, he said, for national health insurance: "never has the need been greater, or the national climate more favorable for the development of a sound consensus of a comprehensive program. . . ." The President gave a few arguments against competing bills in Congress and said that any bill he signed would have to measure up to "three basic principles," including freedom to choose one's own doctor, a passing slap at the old bogey, socialized medicine. His gibe was aimed at Sen. Edward Kennedy and Rep. Wilbur Mills, who have sponsored a bill similar to Nixon's in cost and benefits, but unlike his in its financing. Kennedy and Mills would pay for the program through the social security system; the administration would operate through private corporations.

Sen. Kennedy was chosen by the Democratic leadership to reply two days later to Mr. Nixon's speech and in doing so he slipped gracefully into Nixon rhetoric, insisting that any new health program must protect "four basic freedoms," including "freedom from government interference in community policy." Kennedy did not mention a third, very popular bill, the catastrophic illness insurance plan of his Democratic colleagues, Sens. Russell Long and Abraham Ribicoff.

The struggle to write a bill has begun in earnest, and there is sweet talk on all sides. Kennedy said, "A new spirit of compromise and progress is in the air." The President said, "We are not ruling out compromise where compromise does not violate the basic principles of our proposals." Nevertheless many logistical problems block the way, among which are requests by 200 people to testify at Ways and Means Committee hearings, the competing demand for action on tax reform, a recurring back problem of the chairman, Wilbur Mills—and the impeachment vote.

Hushabye Boodle

The President has denied that he knew about payments to Watergate defendants until he met on March 21, 1973 with John Wesley Dean III. But the White House transcripts suggest something different: months earlier he was made aware of money sought and given. Specifically, he knew of the mysterious \$350,000 in cash that had been turned over to the White House by the Nixon reelection committee in the spring of 1972—money that purportedly was to pay for private political polls to be ordered by the President or his chief aide, H. R. Haldeman. Only \$22,000 of that fund was withdrawn during the campaign from the safe deposit box in which the cash was kept. Of that some \$7000 went for a pro-administration Vietnam advertisement. The remaining \$15,000 was held by Dean.

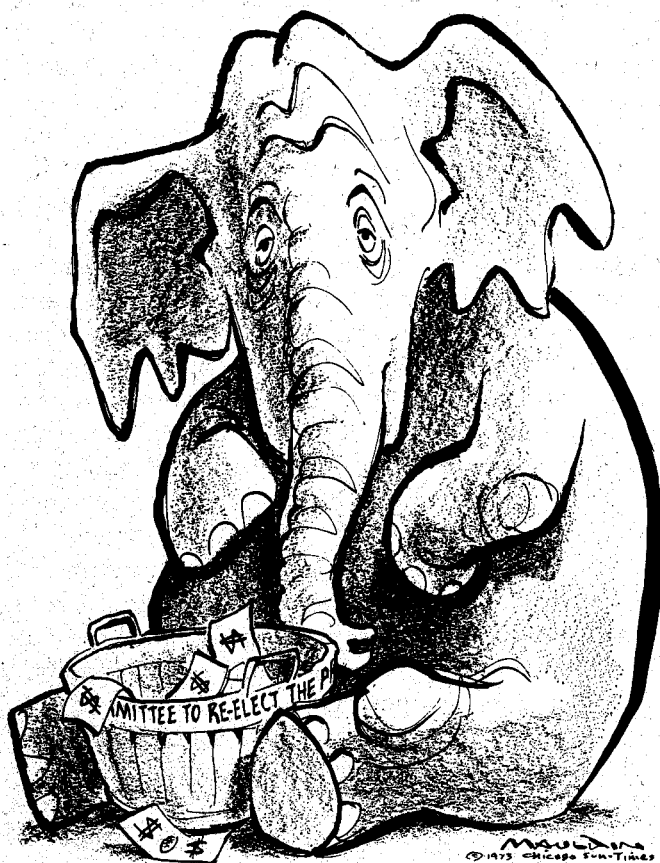
Then about a week after Mr. Nixon's landslide reelection, one of the Watergate defendants, E. Howard Hunt, Jr., called his friend and White House aide Charles W. Colson. Hunt's message as recorded by Colson was brusque: "The reason I called you was because of commitments that were made to all of us at the onset, have not been kept and there's a great deal of unease and concern on the part of the seven defendants . . . There's a great deal of financial expense that has not been covered . . . This is a long haul thing and

the stakes are very very high and I thought that you would want to know that this thing must not break apart for foolish reasons." Hunt set a deadline of "the 25th of November for the resolution on the liquidation of everything that's outstanding," and noted "living allowances which are due again on the 31st of this month, we want that stuff well in hand for some months in advance." Hunt made no direct threat that he or any of the other defendants might talk, but he did say "we're protecting the guys who are really responsible, but now that's that."

"I'm reading you," Colson responded, "you don't need to be more specific." That day or shortly thereafter according to the special prosecutor's Watergate cover-up indictment, Colson gave Dean the tape recording of his conversation with Hunt. By that time Dean had already supervised the transfer of over \$200,000 to the defendants, money raised by the President's lawyer Herbert Kalmbach and reelection committee aide Fred LaRue. Now, faced with this new demand for funds, Dean decided he would play the Hunt tape for Haldeman and John Ehrlichman. (Again this was months before Dean's famous March 21, 1973 talk with Mr. Nixon.) The two had been instrumental in getting Kalmbach into fund-raising in late June 1972, 10 days after the burglars had been caught inside Democratic headquarters. According to Dean, after hearing the tape Haldeman and Ehrlichman sent him over to former Attorney General John Mitchell to see if Mitchell could raise some money. At about that same time, LaRue, who was a close friend of Mitchell's, learned about the \$350,000 at the White House.

Testimony before the Senate Watergate committee and the released transcripts differ on exactly what happened next. It appears that the White House first balked at LaRue's suggestion that part of the cash in the safe deposit box be used to meet Hunt's demands. According to Dean it was feared that this would directly link the White House and the defendants. The matter was apparently discussed thoroughly, however, and settled by having Haldeman's aide, Gordon Strachan, deliver what he recalled as \$40,000 to LaRue at the latter's apartment in early December. Shortly thereafter LaRue arranged to transfer \$40,000 to William O. Bittman, Hunt's lawyer. Although LaRue recalled the amount as approximately \$50,000 and Dean thought it \$40,000 to \$70,000, the Strachan recollection has confirmation in the President's reconstruction of events.

Talking with Haldeman and Ehrlichman on April 14, 1973, Mr. Nixon recalled that "The first time that I knew that they had to have the money was the time when Dean told me that they needed \$40,000." But in his March 21 conversation with the President, Dean had talked of Hunt wanting not \$40,000 but \$120,000—a figure that the President repeated in several later parts of that and other meetings. The only time \$40,000 was mentioned was in connection with this December



"I can't believe I ate the whole thing."

1972 transfer of White House funds to LaRue.

The transcripts show the President, who often stumbled on details, had full knowledge of the \$350,000 and its origins. When the April 14, 1973 discussion turned to the question of whether the money would have to be reported under the campaign fund law then in effect, Mr. Nixon said LaRue "would not have to account for it, in my opinion . . . [because it was] 1970 money."

In January 1973, with pressures mounting for additional money for the defendants, Haldeman approved payment of the remaining \$300,000. Strachan gave it to LaRue who refused to give him a receipt and, according to Strachan, counted it while wearing gloves—in order to avoid putting his fingerprints on the bills. \$155,000 of the \$300,000 was passed out to various defendants or their lawyers prior to April 10, the date of LaRue's decision to halt his own activities and tell his story to the prosecutors. Thereafter the remaining funds were returned by LaRue's lawyer to the Nixon reelection committee treasury.

The President, Ehrlichman and Haldeman were particularly concerned with what Strachan and LaRue might say to prosecutors about the use of the \$350,000. On April 11, 1973 Strachan went before the grand jury and, according to the special prosecutor, allegedly committed perjury in answering questions about the \$350,000. The alleged perjury concerned Strachan's statements that he, and no one else, decided to return the White House money to LaRue, and that the entire \$350,000 had been returned in one visit.

After Dean had informed the prosecutors of the two cash transfers, Strachan tried to go back and correct his earlier testimony. On April 16 Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen, then in charge of the Watergate investigation, reported to the President that the prosecutors had told Strachan he ought to get himself a lawyer before again going to the grand jury. Immediately after Petersen left the White House, Mr. Nixon gave his notes of the Petersen meeting to Ehrlichman. Ehrlichman then cautioned the President: "You mustn't say anything to anybody about this, because I suppose he [Strachan] wasn't supposed to call over here." But he had and Ehrlichman told how the prosecutors "really worked [Strachan] over," threatening him with a jail term and disbarment. Haldeman later that day in a meeting with the President suggested he, Haldeman, "put out [his] whole story" including the White House understanding that LaRue's motive "in accepting the money was, as I had been told at least, was a need to provide money for the defendants, to provide legal fees and to provide support for their families." Discussing his proposed statement with Mr. Nixon, Haldeman said, "Where did the money go? Now there is no question about that, some of it. I don't think all of it did. But I knew where some of it was going."

At that point the President suggested caution. After all, Petersen was reporting to him regularly on what was going on before the grand jury. That night Peter-

sen told the President that LaRue had told all to the grand jury. The next day, April 17, the President asked Haldeman and Ehrlichman, "Have you given any thought to what the line ought to be—I don't mean lie—but a line on raising the money for these defendants? Because both of you were aware of what was going on you see—the raising of the money—you were aware of it, right?" To which Ehrlichman replied, "Yes, sir." When the President told them they could not go to the grand jury "and say I didn't know what in hell [Dean] wanted the \$350,000 for," Ehrlichman suggested his purpose was to keep Hunt and others from "talking to the press." Ehrlichman then said that before he got "too far out on that, ah, I want to talk to an attorney and find out what the law is. . . ."

Another "line" was developed: "We need to get [the \$350,000] turned back to the [reelection] committee," Haldeman said to the President during one of their rehearsals on April 17, 1973 "and apparently they have a need for money so we have a coincidence (unintelligible), now you ought to be able to work out some way to get them to take the cash and that will take care of our needs and we help meet their needs." That line seemed safe: it would permit Haldeman to maintain he had no idea what the returned funds were for. But like other cover-up lines it snapped. For in March 1974, the special prosecutor charged Haldeman with perjury when he told the Senate Watergate committee that "No one, to my knowledge, was aware that these funds involved either blackmail or 'hush money' until this suggestion was raised in March of 1973." Here once more the transcripts are illuminating. In an April 14, 1973 meeting with the President and Haldeman, Ehrlichman said that during the summer of 1972, Dean told him the problem was "Hunt's getting jittery and says that he's got to have umpty-ump thousand dollars and Mitchell's terribly worried about it, and it was never expressed, but it was certainly understood." What "it" was never expressed? Could "it" have been anything else than hush money?

Walter Pincus

The Troops in Disarray

Wallace in Texas

Houston, Texas

Precinct 375 in Harris County lies just outside Houston's city limits, out Interstate 10 east and slightly north of the skyscrapers bunched together in the city's core. It's a working-class section of neat dwellings hundreds of steelworkers and their families call home, typical of the clusters that hug the Texas coastline all

the way to the Louisiana border. Side streets are tree-lined, alive with children. On the main drags, fast order food shops are stacked side-by-side, broken up by gas stations and occasional shopping centers. In 1972 Precinct 375 was part of a bloody battlefield on which the followers of George Wallace overwhelmed anti-Wallace labor union loyalists in caucus after caucus and eventually captured the biggest share of the Texas delegation to the Democratic national convention, thoroughly infiltrating the Texas party structure.

This May it was different. Wallaceites failed to turn out in significant numbers for the May 4 caucuses, and in Precinct 375 and dozens of others, union loyalists quietly ran the proceedings and grabbed 17 delegates, who will meet later to select representatives for the midterm convention in Kansas City in December, to nine for the Wallaceites.

Texas was not the only success story for the Wallaceites in '72. Wallace then scored heavily in presidential primaries in Michigan, Tennessee, North Carolina, Maryland, Florida, New Mexico, Alabama. Texas, however, was the only state in which his troops showed up at precinct caucuses in large enough numbers to win the biggest share (or even a modest share) of the delegation. If the Wallaceites are to take over a significant chunk of the party machinery and nominate their man in 1976 or even give him enough leverage to force the Democratic party to bend significantly to his will, they have to build strength in precincts. The Wallaceites know this. Early this year, the governor's managers made it clear they planned to use the midterm convention in Kansas City as a test run for their all-out bid in 1976.

Texas rules were ready-made for the Wallaceites. First of all the party caucuses were held the same day as the primary for state and federal offices (governor, senator, etc.) and they were held in each polling place 15 minutes after the polls closed. Wallaceites manned card tables outside many polling places, including Precinct 375 where a soft-spoken, heavy-set woman whose son "Jaybo" was running as a Wallaceite for precinct committeeman (he lost) sat contacting their supporters. A half hour later, 10 Wallace supporters, half of them youthful friends of "Jaybo," were outvoted by 22 labor union loyalists. Why so few? Two years ago a closely divided caucus in that precinct had drawn over 200. The Wallaceites weren't the only ones who stayed away from the polls in droves, but they were the ones who took the beating. About noon at a neighboring polling place, a labor union official pointed to the Wallace table and said: "Two years ago people were swarming around that table all day. This year I haven't seen anyone stop."

After the caucuses, union loyalists in the North Shore area of Harris County gathered at their headquarters behind a drug store to compare notes and learn they'd have no trouble dumping two Wallaceites

from Senatorial District No. 6 (it includes Precinct 375) from the State Democratic Executive Committee, including one old-time conservative described by a fellow Wallaceite as "a 100 percent, all-time bigot." But they weren't celebrating yet. State Rep. R. C. Nichols (D), attacking a hefty sandwich, warned "they'll be back next time. They [the Wallaceites] didn't have anything to come out for this year. They didn't really seem to understand the importance of the mid-term convention."

The early indications are the Wallace bloc at the mid-term convention in Kansas City won't be as strong as it was two years ago at Miami Beach when the Wallaceites had large blocs from a half-dozen or more states. On May 7 they picked up at least 16 or 18 Alabama delegates to Kansas City and are locked in a close contest for control of the 127-member Alabama central committee, the outcome to be decided by 10 run-off elections June 4. They have hopes for Florida, which names its delegates in a September primary. They'll pick up a handful in Texas, maybe 10 or 15 percent of the delegation. But they have already been wiped out in caucuses in Tennessee.

In 1968 the voting power of the beauticians, the barbers, the truck drivers, the waitresses, the "little people" in all their various guises was widely celebrated in Wallace lore. And they turned out to be a sizeable bloc on election day. But as a group they tend to have little contact with the power structure of their communities, social, economic or political. They have little sophistication about the methods of acquiring power.

Suppose Wallace sets a target of 1000 first-ballot votes at the Democratic convention in 1976. To get them, Wallace will have to clean up in the South. Only four Southern states—Alabama, Florida, North Carolina and Tennessee—elect or commit delegates in preferential primaries. Wallace picked up a majority of all four of these delegations in 1972. In the others—Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia—he will need a sophisticated caucus operation long before '76. And except for Texas and the beginnings of such a drive in Louisiana, he hasn't yet got it. Then he needs to move on the border states. Only Maryland and West Virginia have presidential primaries that he can enter. In Kentucky, Missouri and Oklahoma he has to maneuver in caucuses if he's to get his share of the delegates. And if he can't do this in his heartland country, he is going to be handicapped in industrial states such as Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

It's a mistake to envision the Wallace following as a monolithic force. As a movement it's shot through with internal contradictions. First there are the hard-line ideologues of the right who are fiercely independent and often influenced by John Birch propaganda or the most malignant kind of racism; and there are working class whites who respond to many popu-

list economic slogans but who have become disaffected by the race issue (*i.e.*, Michigan in 1972, when solid union territory went Wallace on the busing issue).

The Wallaceites do tend to cling to the label "conservative," in some cases out of revulsion for what they call "liberal" (longhairs, gay and women's libbers, black militants, socialists)—all unacceptable to the mores of the lower middle class. Beyond that the Wallaceites are more or less united in their hope that the Alabama governor will eliminate some of the federal pressures for various kinds of integration and federally financed welfare programs. "Big government" and "centralized power" are their enemy, although they're also influenced by a rising national distaste for multinationals.

It isn't possible to predict how they'll come down on a precise issue, with the possible exception of gun control (they're all against it). They're not all "right-to-lifers" on abortion and some openly favor medical care for the aged. They're split on President Nixon. At the Precinct 375 caucus I asked a group of four Wallaceites what they thought about impeachment. Two younger men thought President Nixon was guilty and should go. The other two, both older, retorted that he isn't any more crooked than the rest "but just got caught." Nobody defended him.

The more I examine the Wallace movement, the more convinced I am it's held together only by the magic of one man. Remove George Corley Wallace and it will splinter a dozen ways. For the purposes of 1974, a loosely knit Wallaceite leadership called "Grass Roots Conference" has been set up, specifically in

Texas and Florida. But it hasn't taken root.

To secure a base in the Democratic party, the Wallace movement will have to develop more local leadership and install it in local office. Wallace's constituency does provide the votes for many a courthouse official, legislator or congressman who claims to be a conservative, but when the deals are being cut, those officials are more apt to be cutting them for Sen. Jackson than for Wallace.

Just how treacherous it can be for the Wallaceites to deal with what they call "establishment conservatives" is illustrated by their experience in some areas of Texas on May 4. The Wallaceites in Texas are led by Hall Timanus, a wealthy and well-connected Houston corporation lawyer who's been in politics since the '50s and now represents the Wallace faction on the national committee. Two weeks before the May 4 caucuses, he called together the Wallace leadership from around the state and urged them to join with backers of Gov. Dolph Briscoe (Briscoe turned down a similar offer by a group of labor leaders) to secure the state Democratic committee for the conservatives and name the Texas delegation to Kansas City. Some objected. In areas of considerable Wallace strength, they went their own way, aware as one Wallaceite said: "Briscoe's not for us. He's for Bentsen."

Wallace is strongest when he's running, not when he's trying to translate his popularity into delegates, sending his reluctant troops into caucuses and conventions, trying to train them to wheel and deal with the pros. That's why Wallace's biggest potential is as a third-party candidate.

Paul R. Wieck

Getting the Data the Impeachment Inquiry Needs Should Rodino Go to Court?

by Alexander M. Bickel

It is heresy to think so, but the time has come for the House Judiciary Committee to take its subpoenas to court. Chairman Rodino and his committee have shunned the courts up to now as if the judicial process were an infectious disease, because the Constitution provides that the House "shall have the sole Power of Impeachment" and the Senate "the sole Power to try all Impeachments." Although there is dissenting opinion, this is generally taken to mean that while

impeachment and trial on it are in substantial measure governed by legal norms, rather than being wholly discretionary political processes, they are nevertheless immune to judicial review. They end finally and without further recourse in each house of Congress as that house concludes its role in them. And a good thing too, whatever the possible miscarriages that can be conjured up. Imagine the Senate voting a conviction, but the deposed President clinging to office and at-

tempting to govern while the courts review the case! The judiciary might also intervene and cause disruption and delay between impeachment and trial.

These are genuine horrors. Chairman Rodino and his committee are intent on avoiding them and fear that to bring any part of the impeachment process voluntarily into court at this stage would be to encourage judicial review of all of it later on. For if a court is asked to enforce a committee subpoena, it must be free to reach its own judgment concerning the relevance of the subpoenaed material to the committee's lawful business. The committee's business is impeachment, and the committee will allege that the evidence sought is relevant to one or another charge that might form the basis of an article of impeachment. The court will have to decide, therefore, whether or not the envisioned article of impeachment, to which the evidence would be relevant, is a proper one, falling within the impeachment power that the Constitution confers, and thus forming part of the lawful business of the committee.

Well that looks all too ominously like the very decision, or at least the principal decision, that courts would make if they were to review the impeachment process at its conclusion. And if they are invited to make this decision now, at the subpoena stage, will they not feel freer to undertake it later on as well? The horrors will thus be upon us. And what will be left of "the sole" power to impeach and "the sole" power to try? Moreover there are intermediate horrors as well. Litigation takes time. What are Chairman Rodino and his committee to do in the meanwhile? Wait until Ron Ziegler finally does convince the country that it is the committee, not the White House, that is dragging its feet, and that two years of Watergate really are enough even if one year wasn't? Other risks loom as well. Any result favorable to the President would strengthen his hand and tend to disrupt or even frustrate the impeachment process.

As presidential counsellor Dean Burch said of the White House transcripts just before they were released, these considerations are compelling, and they are also persuasive. Yet there are answers to them, which may be not only compelling, but convincing.

To begin with the constitutional text, in conferring

"sole" power, speaks of the final acts in each house—impeachment and conviction—not of measures taken along the way. More importantly the issues presented to a court in a proceeding to enforce a subpoena, and the issues a court would confront upon review of an impeachment or a conviction are not the same. Reviewing a completed impeachment or conviction would almost surely involve rendering an independent judicial judgment on the nature and reach of the constitutional impeachment power. There would be deference to the evident view of Congress, but in the end the judges would judge, and they, not Congress, would have the final if not the sole power. Enforcing a subpoena, on the other hand, is a different process. Everything is more abstract, more hypothetical, more tentative.

The issue on review of a conviction or even of an impeachment would arise on a concrete set of facts. Either there is or there is not an impeachable offense within the meaning of the Constitution. An area of leeway within which Congress might be deemed free to decide for itself what is allowable under the Constitution could not be very great. In a suit to enforce a subpoena, on the other hand, the issue would be whether the evidence sought is relevant to a plausibly stated, but as yet hypothetical, impeachable offense. The exact nature of that offense could not be determined because the evidence needed to flesh it out would be unavailable at this stage. Moreover the supposed offense might never be converted into an actual article of impeachment, because the committee, or later the House, might elect not to. In these circumstances a court may be expected to concern itself only with the farthest, outer limits of the power to impeach, rather than undertaking precise and definitive formulations of it, such as would clash with the "sole" function of Congress. Besides, Congress would in no sense put itself in the position of disobeying a judicial decree if it ignored whatever a court did choose to say about the nature of impeachable offenses. The result of the lawsuit, assuming Congress lost, would merely be that the court had declined to enforce a subpoena. Congress could still proceed to impeachment, trial and conviction, if it wished, on its own theory of the nature of an impeachable offense. No judicial order attempting to prevent it from doing so would have been issued.

Whatever a judge, and particularly the Supreme Court if it came to that, had seen fit to say about impeachable offenses might influence congressional opinion even though the judicial pronouncements had no binding effect. But the influence would arise from the intrinsic merit, if any, of the judges' views, and why should Congress be shielded from an influence of this sort? If the problem is that certain congressmen will seek shelter behind any seemingly authoritative pronouncement in order to save themselves the pain, and avert the political risk, of forming an opinion of

**COMING: Stanley Karnow on
the chances of a dark horse
to win the Democratic
presidential nomination**

their own, the unfortunate answer is that such seekers after shelter will find it in one place or another, and the availability of this particular shelter will have only cumulative effect.

Possibilities of disruption, delay or even frustration of the impeachment process—the horrors that would attend ultimate judicial review of it—would present, of course, a much more serious problem. But what are they at the subpoena stage? So far as disruption and frustration are concerned, the possibilities are virtually nil. There is no way open to Congress other than a lawsuit of actually getting its hands on the evidence it wants. If this way also does not work, the level of disruption and frustration will hardly have risen significantly. To be sure if it does not go to court, and does not run the risk of a court's refusal to enforce a subpoena, the House might cite the President for contempt, and base a separate article of impeachment on his refusal to honor the subpoena. But these are gestures. The contempt citation by itself is pure gesture. An additional article of impeachment based on it is a makeweight. It is difficult to imagine that the House would vote it without also approving other articles, or that the Senate would convict on it without convicting on other articles. So what is gained?

As for delay, it need not be great. The Supreme Court can sometimes be reached quickly. At any rate delay at this stage is not the horror it would be if it caused postponement of a Senate trial after impeachment by the House, let alone if it occurred after a Senate vote to convict. Two kinds of situation may be foreseen. In the first the impeachment process is stymied. Evidence on which to proceed is unavailable and is sought by subpoena. If the subpoena is not enforced, nothing has been lost. There was no basis on which to proceed anyway. In the second which is more likely, and is by all signs the present one, the evidence under subpoena is wanted in order to make a better case, but there is adequate evidence in hand already to enable a committee and then the House to proceed. The litigation itself, while pending, will provide those who want delay with an additional ground on which to press for it, but the effect again would be cumulative only; there are plenty of other delaying tactics available. The House, as in the present situation, should move ahead, undeterred by litigating delays. The subpoenaed evidence might arrive too late for the vote on articles of impeachment either in committee or on the floor of the House, and still prove of great value for purposes of the trial in the Senate. Thus Special Prosecutor Jaworski is now litigating to obtain evidence that he and the grand jury did not have before the cover-up indictment was handed up, but that he can use, indeed believes he will need, at the trial. The analogy is exact.

There is a problem—technical in nature, soluble at the will of Congress, but not without its political ram-

ifications—that must be dealt with before the Judiciary Committee can go to court. It is the jurisdictional problem of access, which the Ervin committee took from July to December 1973 to face up to, thus allowing its tapes litigation to peter out in defeat. Under existing law courts do not have jurisdiction to enforce congressional subpoenas. It takes a statute to give it to them. The Ervin committee finally obtained passage of such a statute, Public Law 93-190, although too late to do itself any good, because by the time it finally got into court it could no longer demonstrate to the satisfaction of the judges that it had an imperative need for the tapes it sought. In any case Public Law 93-190 is not a statute of general application. It grants jurisdiction only over proceedings to enforce Ervin committee subpoenas. The House Judiciary Committee will therefore need to obtain passage of a similar statute of its own. There may be opposition, and there may be a veto, necessitating a two-thirds vote for enactment. But the President did not veto the Ervin committee bill, letting it become law without his signature. He is currently in one of his stonewalling phases, to use a White House transcripts word. And yet the political loss to him of a veto seems prohibitive.

An argument that would, no doubt, be made against enacting the needed jurisdictional statute, as well as against the whole idea of taking the Judiciary Committee's subpoena quarrel with the President to court, is that the proposal exemplifies once more a deplorable tendency to submit every heated political dispute to the arbitrament of politically irresponsible judges. The consequences in the long run of continually yielding to this buck-passing impulse are the politicization of the judicial process and the emasculation of the political one. There is force in the argument, it is indeed unanswerable, when the issues submitted to courts are essentially political and not suitable for resolution under standards that can with any plausibility be regarded as legal; and when the supposed impasse from which the courts are asked to extricate the political process is a false one, or the temporary result of a passing political configuration, or an aspect of one of the creative tensions intentionally built into the system.

But the question of whether material under subpoena is relevant to the lawful business of a given accusatory or adjudicative body—grand jury, administrative agency or court—is one that judges decide every day. Actually they decide it as it bears on the business of congressional committees themselves in cases in which private individuals are tried for contempt of Congress, which is a criminal offense defined as the willful refusal to come forward with evidence relevant to the business of a congressional committee. The issue, in turn, of what the outer limits of an impeachable offense may be within the meaning of the Constitution can be determined by quite respectably legal standards, drawn as is customary in

constitutional cases from historical materials, from prior practice and from ascertainable principles inherent in the structure of the American scheme of government. Would that half the heated political issues enthusiastically disposed of by judges in the past two decades had lent themselves equally well to

decision within the accustomed discipline of the judicial process! As for the impasse reached by the political process—it is real, it is structural and permanent, and it threatens to give rise to a sense of futility that is one of the signal dangers that Watergate presents to the endurance of our institutions.

An Old Story for the Coal Miners

Bloody Harlan Revisited

by Eliot Marshall

Harlan County, Kentucky

If you wanted to talk about the strike at the Brookside coal mine in mid-May, you'd have found a lot of people here who just weren't available. Dialing the number for Carl Noe, a strong member of the United Mine Workers of America, you'd have heard a recorded voice telling you his phone was "not in service at this time." You'd have heard the same had you called Lois Scott or Bessie Cornett, both members of the Brookside Women's Club, a militant adjunct of the union composed of miners' wives and friends. They help by whupping the scabs. They've been very useful at Brookside, because state troopers treat them more gently than they would a gang of club-wielding men when they turn up at the picket line with their "switches." You wouldn't have found Noah Harris either. He's the field man for the competing union, the Southern Labor Union, which the UMWA calls a "company" outfit. His office number wasn't in service, and he's got an unlisted home phone. If you'd called his headquarters in Oneida, Tennessee, neither he nor the union president Paul Byrge would have answered. Both were charged by the UMWA May 14 with trying to bribe Carl Noe and another local miner, Ron Curtis, into betraying their union and breaking the strike.

The charge is more serious than you might guess, for the UMWA has photographs of Noah Harris handing out the money in \$50 and \$20 bills and a transcript of a secretly recorded conversation in which Harris and Byrge tell the miners to "get them back to work, boys." This evidence was spread all over the front page of the local paper May 14, a humiliation that cuts deep in a small town like Harlan. The UMWA named as co-conspirators in the bribe the Eastover Mining Co., which owns the Brookside mine, and Duke Power,

the big electric utility in Charlotte, North Carolina that owns Eastover. Carl Horn, Jr., president of Duke, issued a statement saying he and Yarborough were ignorant of the deal. "The situation involved two mine unions and the efforts of one to replace the other," he said.

To learn more about what was happening in the county you had to arrange to visit the UMWA office above the Jones Motel on the road into Harlan. Climbing a path through the honeysuckle behind the motel you reach a string of trailers with their backs to a steep hill and their windows looking out over the driveway, the main road, the Cumberland River, the railroad and across at hills on the other side. It would be difficult to get that far unobserved. UMWA organizers Charlie Plemons and Ira Crooks were there with some local miners, and they took time to chat with a reporter. Plemons began by sketching a history of the strike. Because they were unhappy about the lack of hospital benefits and the poor enforcement of safety rules, the miners at Brookside voted 113-55 last summer to dump the old union and join the UMWA. Since then Eastover has stubbornly resisted certain points the UMWA considered minimum requirements of any coal contract, standards that are already in effect in 1300 UMWA mines. Eventually the talks stopped and the miners went on strike. The UMWA has been paying about \$15,000 in strike benefits each week since July, and the local men are fighting bitterly to keep from losing their jobs.

The conversation trailed off. One of the miners, Leroy "Bull" Helton, wanted to show Plemons his pistol. Helton is a young man, hair parted in the middle, blue northern eyes and a quiet manner. He had with him a boy who looked about five years old. The

men teased the child for being shy, called him Ethel as a joke and then explained his name was really Steve. Another man brought out his gun, a short .38, and compared it with Bull's six-inch. For about five minutes Bull Helton and Plemons experimented with the pistol, which looked shiny and unused, to test ways of jamming it. "They all jam," a man on the couch said. "I got a .45 automatic and it jams."

Plemons returned to the subject: no, there'd been no trouble. It was real quiet. The one incident of note happened way back in October before he came out to Harlan when the strike was just beginning. That scab down the road, Jim Miller, took a shot at Carl Noe's truck with a high-powered rifle and nearly killed him. Was he really aiming to hit? "Well," Plemons said, "if you're familiar with a pick-up truck you know how much room there is between the driver's seat and the door. That bullet came in the back of the door, split the armrest and went right through the dash. A few more inches and that would've been it." Where's Jim Miller now? Working at High Splint, another mine owned by Eastover. He was arrested and booked, the miners say, but not indicted because the grand jury wanted the two parties to "work things out between themselves" and not stir up more trouble. Miller told the police that Noe set off dynamite on his property, but federal marshals who arrested Noe couldn't find evidence for the charge. Where's Noe? Plemons: "He's not available right now; he'll be out of town for a few days. When you're in this part of the country it's a good idea to play it safe and we don't want anybody to get hurt."

Harlan is one of the old coal counties in the Cumberland Mountains of eastern Kentucky, an important part of the UMWA's District 19. It's been called "Bloody Harlan" for the running war between company hired guns and union men during the '30s and '40s. The Brookside mine lies about five miles outside the town of Harlan on the road to Evarts, famous as the site of the "battle of Evarts" in which five men died when miners and gun thugs had a shoot-out in 1931. The top UMWA officials of District 19 who held sway under Tony Boyle are now in jail, convicted for their part in the murder of Boyle's challenger, Jock Yablonski. To union members the men of Boyle's District 19 crew were known as the whitehats. At the 1964 UMWA convention they made themselves prominent by wearing big white miners' hard hats and descending en masse on anyone who dared speak out against Boyle or the system, and beating them to silence. A local miner, Hobe Grills, had some trouble with them in Harlan.

Grills says he was born about 100 yards from the Brookside mine and has been in the UMWA for 42 years, since age 14. His back is bent from mine work, and when you meet him you might think he's come out of a dust cloud, because his cheeks and nose have

a grey tint of coal that won't go away. When he quit mining he hadn't been able to work for more than one shift without resting a day or two, so bad was his case of black lung. Grills is now the chairman of the local black lung committee, but when he started holding meetings six years ago in front of the Harlan courthouse, the whitehats gave him trouble. If he had a doctor come give a speech, the whitehats would be there, milling around, shouting out wisecracks and letting people know that if they paid any heed to the old fool they'd get their blocks knocked off. But Hobe is still around and the whitehats are in jail. He feels good about that. All the whitehats used to do, he said, was "drive around in their Cadillacs and ride herd on the pensioners." Grills backed Arnold Miller for UMWA president in the beginning when lots of old miners around Harlan believed Miller was part of a federal plot to break the union. Some of them still believe it.

In his campaign Miller promised to win back the ground lost in east Kentucky during the weak period in the '50s, and in the '60s under Boyle. More than 40 percent of the coal taken from the region today is non-union. The strike at Brookside has become a crucial test of this promise, for if the union wins it will establish the competence of Miller and his staff, break the resistance of the nation's sixth largest electric utility (Duke Power), affect many other Eastern deep mines and, most important, prove that it doesn't take a dictatorial union to beat the coal companies. If the strike fails Miller's cause will be set back so badly that the UMWA might not recover. The union already has problems trying to keep up with the shift toward strip-mining in the West, and losing in Harlan would be bad. That's why the UMWA has spent more than \$800,000 on the Brookside campaign and, officials say, will spend a million more if it must.

Charlie Plemons, the organizer from western Kentucky, said it was "awful bad when we first came out here to Harlan, you wouldn't know how bad, but now it's beginning to lighten up a bit and even the politicians are coming over to our side." The grip of the coal companies may have loosened slightly since the UMWA began pouring on the money and publicity 10 months ago, but it will be a long time before the miners of Harlan have the confidence in their union that, say, the autoworkers or steelworkers have in theirs. Two decades of indifference have taken a toll. Had the union been headed by an aggressive, interested president in those years, it still would have been outgunned in east Kentucky. As Plemons explained, the sudden mechanization of the mines and the declining demand for coal created a situation in which company bosses could pretty much pick and choose the workers they wanted. Even today Harlan miners feel like chattel.

The president of the Harlan County Coal Operators' Association is a short greying gentleman named Cloyd

McDowell. He and his secretary work in an upstairs office about a half-block from the courthouse, next to Ackley's Cafe. When asked about the strike, McDowell said he had no information on the subject. "You can get all that from the paper," he said. Could he furnish a list of the members of his association in case one of them might like to talk? "No, that's restricted information. This is a *private* association." The names of the officers? "Well, I'm the president, and she's the secretary," pointing. The miners say that aside from fighting the union and dominating local government, the chief purpose of the coal operators' association is to keep troublemakers out of the mines and out of work. Though no one can say precisely how it works, miners agree the association keeps a blacklist. As evidence, the UMWA has a photograph of an Eastover Mining Co. employee on the company front porch taking pictures of strikers, presumably for the files. The union also has a letter dated September 5, 1973, signed by Cloyd McDowell, soliciting strike-breakers.

When Hobe Grills was younger, he and his brother-in-law were fired for staging a protest over faulty machinery. Grills says his brother-in-law walked the roads for three years without finding anyone who would rehire him. Grills himself was too "wore out" for mining by then, so he didn't take it badly, but other miners told him that when they applied for jobs they were asked if they were friends of Hobe Grills. Bull Helton had another way to describe the system: "Say you're workin' up here in V&C [a mine] and you're on a machine you think is gonna kill you and you quit. Then you go down here to Brookside and ask for a job. Well Norman'll just call back to V&C and ask about you. And the boss'll say, 'Don't hire him. I want him up here.' And Norman won't take you; that's the truth. I know it, buddy, 'cause it happened to me." An official in the Harlan employment agency said miners rarely come to his office for a job; they go directly to the coal company or the coal association. Yes, he said, the association keeps files on everyone so that when there's an opening they can fill it quickly. "But you know one of the problems," he said, "is that some of these men are so damn dumb they can't run the machines in the mines today. The days of the pick and shovel are gone. And they all want to go up to Lynch because there's a big new mine there [owned by US Steel] where they almost never have any accidents or deaths."

On April 17 the UMWA began a "Dump Duke" campaign designed to discourage the sale of Duke Power stock and force Duke's subsidiary, Eastover, to sign a contract. The union has bought full-page ads in *The Wall Street Journal* and other papers, and it has hired the consulting firm of Van Scoyoc and Wiskup for \$50,000 to help consumer groups in the Carolinas fight Duke's proposed rate increases. Several major

stockholders have been persuaded to sell their Duke stock or not buy any more. The value of Duke stock on the New York exchange stood at about \$20 early this year; during the month that the UMWA campaign has been in effect, the stock's value has fallen from around \$17 to \$14. The drop may be attributed partly to the general decline in utility stocks, but the company is also having difficulty finding coal to keep its back-up supplies as full as it would like. Richard Pierce, Duke's vice president for PR, says the strike is having no effect on finances or supplies.

The UMWA has found Duke and Eastover to be very tough opponents. It's no surprise to learn of their power in Harlan, for coal still reigns unchallenged in east Kentucky. The judge who sent UMWA pickets to jail, the newspapers discovered, founded his own small coal company last year. Coal companies file their own estimates of land value with the tax commissioner, and mines in eastern Kentucky are often underassessed. The police, schools and welfare boards still come under the sway of coal men. You sense the futility of struggle when you come around a bend on the road between Harlan and Whitesburg and notice that in the middle of these thick forests an entire hill has been obliterated. By the side of the road an old poster tacked to a tree says, "Bryant for Sheriff. Let's Have an Honest Four Years." Nearby a shirtless boy scratches at the dirt around his tomato plants with a hoe, and the valley booms with the sound of two enormous bulldozers tearing away the side of the mountain to lay bare a seam of coal.

The industry really isn't local: it feeds the rich cities on the coast. In talking to Duke's spokesman Richard Pierce about this, you get the feeling that a kind of split personality must blight big corporations. Who is responsible? Pierce says Duke Power is concerned about mine safety: "We feel safety shouldn't be overlooked for one instant, and we've said so repeatedly." But then a moment later, on safety enforcement: "That's strictly up to Eastover and the federal mine inspectors. We have nothing to do with it." Again, he says the publicity is unfair because it is "pulling Duke into it and we haven't been involved. Those sociological ills you see in Harlan County were there when Duke Power came in through its subsidiary Eastover. We didn't cause them, yet we're being blamed for them." What about the idea that if you take something out of the community and use the people, you ought to put something back? "That's a known fact, you should. You should put in there that Duke and [another company] are trying to get a low-cost housing program off the ground on land owned by Eastover. We're just at the stage of getting HUD into the deal now . . . It will be at the outskirts of Harlan, where the property is that we own, that Eastover owns." By the time Duke Power—or Eastover—gets ready to build those houses, it may have taken all the coal it wants from Brookside, and moved on.

The Hitler Boom

by Charles Lam Markmann

Heidelberg

Had he lived Adolf Hitler would have been 85 years old on April 20. And it was on this April 20 that the forces responsible for the ouster of Chancellor Willy Brandt—for things must be called by their right names—had almost finished preparing West Germany for her start on the short march back to the past. One hears everywhere: "If we only had a strong man again." On the fashionable North Sea resort island of Sylt, Hitler's birthday was celebrated in the best National Socialist style by several dozen Germans, none over 25, the youngest 15, and all of them arrested on charges of having circulated or displayed Nazi symbols. The young men wore brown shirts and swastika armbands; the girls frumped themselves up in the dowdy blue skirts and white middie blouses of the *Bund deutscher Mädeln* (League of German Girls), the auxiliary of the *Hitler Jugend*. The walls of the room in which they held their party were decorated with pictures of Hitler and other National Socialist emblems for which they had scoured Schleswig-Holstein. After they had listened to records of Hitler's and other Nazi leaders' speeches and of old party march music, they drank a toast to the *Führer*.

When they were arrested, one of the young men said the party had been planned merely as "*ein guter Gag*." Perhaps so. But for millions of other Germans the re-creation of "the Nazi time" is serious business: for some, because they want those good old days back, and for a few because they fear the others may very easily get their wish when the Federal Republic of Germany must at last put its democracy to the test. The fear is heightened by the steady and at times spectacular rise in what is called *die Hitlerwelle*—the Hitler wave, or Hitler boom—which has kept pace with the economic crisis, price levels and unemployment. The number of jobless has doubled since December.

It is as much a Hitler and Hitler-associated boom as a Nazi boom. This is not to say that Nazi thinking has no following in West Germany—quite the contrary, as the letters-to-the-editor columns of newspapers demonstrate. In Bavaria—Nürnberg (indeed where else?), in a 17th-century Franconian castle, a 25-man "army" of youths trains regularly, with the same steel helmets and rifles that the *Wehrmacht* used from 1939 to 1945. Their leader is a sign-painter named Karl-

Heinz Hoffmann, whose goals are simple: the destruction of communism and big capital, the end of parliamentary rule, government by an unelected *élite*, the annexation of Austria (which, as the Weimar Constitution makes clear in Article 61, was also the goal of the first German "republic"), and the reunification of the Federal Republic of Germany and the German Democratic Republic.

There is a core of some 120,000 regular readers of the *National Zeitung*, which for two decades has been whitewashing the Nazi era, "proving" that the only concentration and extermination camps were those built after the war by German prisoners under American orders, for propaganda purposes (there are even pictures); promoting a brisk trade in Nazi medals, uniforms, weapons and other memorabilia, as well as books and recordings of speeches, party congresses, narrations of military campaigns (victorious ones), and engaging in a fairly subtle anti-Semitism. There is no need for blatancy; after all the Jews were only the first and most conspicuous of Nazi targets. Twelve or so million non-Jews murdered by the Germans died just as painfully—facts that are almost daily branded as "lies" in letters to newspapers, occasionally in demonstrations, less infrequently in swastika-daubings and cemetery vandalism.

But these things—the Sylt birthday party, Hoffmann's "army" (which ought to be taken seriously—the Nazi party's strength rose to *seven members* when Hitler joined it), the *National Zeitung*, the "antiquarians" whose windows and shops are filled exclusively with Wilhelmine and especially National Socialist *objets de vertu*—are only symptoms of the *Hitlerwelle*. The real thing is far more widespread, far deeper and more "respectable." In West Berlin alone there are more than 500 cars bearing registration plates that, after the mandatory "B" (for Berlin), carry such letter combinations as SS, SA, HJ, KZ before the various numerals. These designations—for *Sturmabteilung* (Storm Troops), *Hitler Jugend*, *Konzentrationslager* (concentration camp)—have not been issued routinely. They are issued by request, and Karl Koenig, the Social Democrat who heads the city's Economics Department, the issuing office, explains that under West German law such requests cannot be refused. (I am not for one moment implying that the law should be revised: one does not fight ideas, or even brute hatreds, with muzzles.) The

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN, critic, translator and journalist, is at work on a book about the two German republics.

same kinds of plates are visible in many other parts of Federal Germany.

There are now in print literally thousands of paperback titles dealing with every possible aspect of the Third Reich and its personalities. There are serious, analytical histories that sacrifice success for integrity; on the other hand two big, exhaustive, expensive biographies of Hitler are selling more than well, and one of them, by Joachim C. Fest, an editor of the arch-reactionary *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, has gone well past 275,000 copies at almost \$20 apiece—the publishers have 25,000 more ready and waiting in the warehouse. This book makes much of Hitler's "modernity," little of his barbarities: he was necessary to his time. The other, which is much more overtly an apologia—is by Werner Maser, who teaches the Hitler era at the University of Munich. It has sold 30,000 copies. It endeavors to create the impression that, had he not had certain problems arising out of misguided medication in 1938, Hitler would have done more good (and less harm).

In addition there are the big hardcover editions of

Hitler's speeches (four volumes) and Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels' (two volumes); four new books about Rudolf Hess, Hitler's deputy who is now, at 80, the last prisoner in Spandau; innumerable radio and television programs dealing with various aspects and personalities of the period; and, most lately, a fortnightly publication, *Das dritte Reich*, planned to cover the whole "NS-Zeit" for popular consumption in two years, and then expire.

The Allies—especially the Americans—for a long time forbade any mention whatever of the Hitler period, and West Germany, once it became a more or less independent state, continued these bans for years. Even more than other peoples, Germans have the touching notion that censorship and repression will effectively eliminate ideas and facts; and, against this, neither the left nor the right has the faintest concept of civil liberties. Thus it is still forbidden, even though the German Communist party has been legalized again, to form a "Nazi" or "National Socialist" party. Consequently the old SA and SS men organized the totally Nazi *Nationaldemokratische Partei Deutschlands*,

In England and in the US there has been a revival of interest in the Hitler era, paralleling the one in West Germany. At least 12 English and American publishers have capitalized on this interest. Here's a sampling of their recent books:

Pictures: *Sieg Heil!*, an illustrated history of Germany from Bismark to Hitler, by Stefan Lorant (Norton), more than 700 photographs and a literate text. *Hitler Close-up* (Macmillan), interesting because these are the pictures taken by Hitler's friend Heinrich Hoffmann, with commentary by confidant and diarist Henry Picker.

History: *Hitler's Rise to Power, The Nazi Movement in Bavaria, 1923-1933*, by Geoffrey Pridham (Harper & Row). In-depth answer to the question: what made people support Hitler in the early '20s? Careful and scholarly.

Military: *Hitler's War Aims, The Establishment of the New Order*, by Norman Rich (Norton). The second volume of a huge, hugely detailed study dealing with Hitler's foreign policies. *The Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe*, by David Irving (Little, Brown), the life of Field Marshall Erhard Milch who was second in command to Goring and who survived to tell much of this to the author. *The Admiral's Wolf Pack*, by Jean Noli (Doubleday), containing authentic first-hand accounts of U-boat (Grey Wolves) actions. *Battle Over the Reich*, by Alfred Price (Cambridge University Press), contains pictures and text about the bombing and strafing of German cities and towns. Part of the revival because it is Germany seen as destroyed from the air. *Hitler's Strategy, 1940-1941, the Balkan Clue*, by Martin van Creveld (Cambridge University Press), a new view

of Hitler's interest in the Mediterranean and his relations with Italy.

Religion: *The German Church Struggle and the Holocaust* (Wayne University Press), a collection of essays that grew out of the First International Scholars' Conference in 1970.

Refugees: *Island Refuge*, by A. J. Sherman (University of California Press). An interesting study of how Britain changed her policy about refugees from the Third Reich from 1933 to 1939 and why.

Persons: *Target: Heydrich*, by Miroslav Ivanov (Macmillan). Play-by-play account of the assassination of Czech occupation head Reinhard Heydrich and the Nazi revenge that culminated in Lidice. *Hitler*, by Joachim Fest (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), the English translation by Richard and Clara Winston of the biography in which Fest concludes that if Hitler had died or been killed in 1938 "few would hesitate to call him one of the greatest of German statesmen," which may be why the book is seven-eighths over before we come to the Hitler of the war years. Werner Maser's *Hitler: Legend, Myth and Reality* (Harper & Row). Enormously detailed with so many facts they obscure the man and his works.

Future: To be published by Viking in August, already published in England (Secker & Warburg), *The Loneliest Man in the World*, the "inside story of the 30-year imprisonment of Rudolf Hess," inside because the author, Eugene K. Bird, was former commandant of Spandau Prison, and seems to have won Hess' confidence. Despite its promises it says very little that has not already been known or surmised.

— The Editors

which, after some initial successes, took cover in the hardly inhospitable Christian Democratic and Christian Social Unions but has recently announced its determination to purge itself of this "taint." In addition in spite of the constitutional ban (Article 18) on any use of civil liberties to endanger the undefined "free democratic basic order," the state of Lower Saxony alone has 34 active Fascist and Nazi organizations, publishing houses, and mail-order book distributors. No one knows how many members and customers they have because they operate furtively, as the rather stupid law compels them to do. *Mut (Courage)*, a monthly magazine addressing a frankly Fascist if not Nazi program to the young in that state, has a circulation of 10,000 and is regarded by the Lower Saxon Minister of the Interior as potentially or latently dangerous.

Everywhere there is curiosity about those mysterious 12 years. The teachers who taught then are still teaching, unless superannuated, but very few of them dare to teach what they used to teach, or even to talk about "the past." That is why *Das dritte Reich* was founded this year: to make money out of that curiosity. The idea was that of Hans-Peter Dietze, now its managing editor, according to his editor-in-chief, Dr. Christian Zentner, who stakes a pious claim to a desire to show his young compatriots how the Third Reich came to pass, in order to prevent its ever happening again. After four issues, Dr. Zentner is not so sure that his publisher, the big Hamburg house of John Jahr Verlag KG, will do much more than break even, because, he told me, what millions of people are insatiably interested in is not "the abstractions" of nazism and its history but its personalities, and in particular Adolf Hitler. These, he says, are "simple" people who do not read books but who watch television and read magazines, and it was they whom he set out to capture—to clarify the past for them.

His magazine is expensive—about \$1.50 a copy. A tremendous advertising campaign, of dubious taste, resulted in first-issue sales some 150,000 above the 250,000 copies that the editors and publishers expected. The second issue sold between 330,000 and 340,000 copies, the third something over 250,000 so far, and the fourth—which is still on the newsstands—more than 200,000. The overwhelming majority of the purchasers and subscribers, Zentner admits, seems to include few of those young people he was looking for: the real circulation is among the people old enough to remember, the Nazis who write furious letters to the editor because he tarnishes their legends. Both Dietze and Zentner told me that the greatest sales of *Das dritte Reich* are not in cities but out in the country and the small towns, in Bavaria and Franconia especially.

One of the reasons for the phenomenal success of a television program called "*Ein Herz und eine Seele*" ("One Heart and One Soul") is its enthusiastically en-

joyed derogations of the sub-men, by name: the Slavs, the Jews, the Latins, the Levantines. A German exaggeration of "All in the Family," the program plays also on the hysterical dread of "the Communists" that has been endemic here ever since the general staff realized in 1918 that it had made a terrible mistake in helping Lenin in 1917. Ex-Chancellor Willy Brandt was a constant target because of his illegitimate birth and his "traitorous" conduct from 1935 to 1945, when he fought against nazism, as well as his "selling out" to "the Reds." The program regularly attracts 60-65 percent of the national audience, and only an occasional editorial writer or commentator dares to see its popularity for the danger it is. Its "left-liberal" creator, Wolfgang Menge, claims it to be a satire and so recognized because people say its protagonist, Alfred Tetzlaff, sounds just like Franz Josef Strauss, the head of the CSU: but then in each regional election this year more of them vote for the Strausses.

In mid-March the Bavarian State Radio and Television broadcast a long interview with Hitler's (and Franklin Roosevelt's) old friend, Ernst (Putzi) Hanfstaengl, who is now 87. Though in the end—through a rather gruesome practical joke—he felt he had to flee to the United States in 1937, and was materially assisted by Roosevelt, his old Harvard classmate, in gaining entry (later he became an adviser on policy to the American forces!), Hanfstaengl spent his whole time on camera telling what fine fellows Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler and the others really were, when all was said and done—and masters of their trades to boot: fine soldiers, geniuses at propaganda, *und so weiter*. Their Weimar predecessors he belittled and dismissed as nothings, though he admitted he had never known much about their aspirations or their achievements. Moreover in spite of having, with his wife and sister, lavishly and almost single-mindedly supported Hitler from the days before the 1923 München *Putsch* to his own abrupt departure for the decadent democracy, Hanfstaengl insisted that he had never thought for a moment that the unremitting virulent anti-Semitism of his friend and hero would ever amount to anything serious ("some of my best friends were . . ."), or that his protégé would ever have been "stupid enough to start a war."

The real danger of a Hitler renaissance, in the view of Dr. Hugo Marx, a scholar who suffered under the original, lies in the combination of a romantic nostalgia and the millennial German faith in authoritarian rule as the solution to all problems. Weimar, after all, failed primarily, as both William B. Shirer and Karl Dietrich Bracher have shown, because no one, including the Social Democrats who proclaimed it out of desperation when they could find neither a Hohenzollern nor any other royalty to accept the throne, wanted a republic. When the economic crash came after 1929, the millennial search for the "strong man" lost its last restraint.

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Daisy Miller

(Paramount)

The Sugarland Express

(Universal)

Daisy Miller, published in 1878, was Henry James' first big success, but it has never been one of my James favorites. Daisy, a high-spirited beautiful young American, is traveling in Europe for the first time with her mother and small brother; meets a cultivated young American man in Vevey and meets him again in Rome; scandalizes well bred Americans with her (then) unconventional behavior; flirts with and teases her American; then suddenly dies of "Roman fever" (malaria).

The dialogue and details are wonderful, and James makes the subtle point that class-climbing Americans are more worried about social protocol than class-accustomed Europeans; but I have always felt that Daisy's death is too strong for what goes before it, like a loud symphonic chord at the end of a prettily poignant piano piece. It's almost as if James felt the story were dissolving, so arbitrarily slammed in the death for shock and for retrospective pathos.

The odd thing is that James himself had second thoughts about that death. In 1882 he dramatized *Daisy Miller* (for an American theater management which, quite rightly, declined to produce it), and, in generous anticipation, he outstripped my objections. What I would have liked, in story and play, is Daisy's return to America at the close without her young man, baffled by the class game and by her untypical failure at flirtation, hoping to regain her stride back in Schenectady but aware that she'll have a hard time reducing her now-expanded horizons. She'll just have to do her best to keep travel from broadening her. James, however, goes much further than that in revision: he gives the play a sappy happy ending. Daisy returns home at the end with her American, thus making the whole play

only one long tortuous device for "meeting cute." If you want a shocking example (this isn't the only one in history) of how a great author subverted his own work when he wanted to make money out of it in theater or film, read this play, if you can.

Apparently Frederic Raphael, who did the present screenplay "based on the story," has also read the play. He hasn't altered the ending of the story—Daisy dies—but he has absorbed some of James' dramatic alterations. For the play James added a Russian princess, very worldly, who has presumably had an affair in Geneva with Winterbourne, the young American, before he meets Daisy in Vevey. Raphael doesn't use the princess, but he adds her sexual colors to the bland Mrs. Walker who was otherwise just the American hostess at whose home Daisy and Winterbourne re-meet in Rome.

I was about to slate Raphael for tampering with my favorite line in the story, but he had a precedent. Winterbourne's very proper aunt, disparaging the Miller family and their easygoing relation with their Italian guide, says: "He sits with them in the garden in the evening. I think he smokes." It's an exquisite class comment, flattened in the film to "I think he smokes in their faces." But it was James who first trod on his own line in his dramatization.

Not that Raphael isn't capable of a few additional subversions. He puts in a scene at the piano in her hotel drawing room where Daisy sings "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." First, what a choice—a ballad of old marrieds—for that young creature; second, it's done only so that we can hear a wisp of it again over her grave at the end. And that grave is not in the Protestant cemetery, as James says, it's in some rolling green field. Raphael and/or the director have thus lost a highly specific touch of Rome.

Which brings us to Peter Bogdanovich, the director. Poor Bogdanovich, surfing along on a golden wave (the last splash was *Paper Moon*) but still poor in any artistic sense because all he knows is what he has seen in films. So he is all right when he can imitate film precedents, like Visconti's period richness in *The Leopard* and *Death in Venice*, like the singing lesson in *Citizen Kane*; there's even a hint, heaven help us, of Tony Richardson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*—an important moment seen through a gauzily curtained glass door. Sometimes Bogdanovich's imitations are heavy, like a Wellesian

ground-level shot outside the Colosseum, but his movie-memory helps him nicely through some sequences like the breakfast sequence at the start and the visit to the castle of Chillon, which are breezily handled.

Once he gets outside sheerly cinematic frames of reference he is utterly lost—which is to say, when he has to deal with James as James. *Daisy Miller* simply doesn't exist without recognizable and effective class distinctions, and here Bogdanovich hasn't a clue, or he would not have cast the picture as he did. Cybill Shepherd, the Daisy, is a really stunning girl, wonderfully costumed by Tirelli, and she has the right quasi-rustic sound for the part; but she lacks the effortless bubble to keep the words tumbling with Daisy's nervous confidence. Winterbourne is played by a blob named Barry Brown, devoid of distinction, which is what he ought to have most of, including his speech—he keeps referring to his, "ant." His "ant" is Mildred Natwick, a movie buff's idea of a "quality" actress, perhaps because she played a major's wife in Ford's *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*. Her quavery voice and externalized, actressy "airs" are exactly the opposite of the easy regality that the part needs. Mrs. Walker, supposedly a social arbiter, is played by Eileen Brennan, who was a Texas waitress in *The Last Picture Show* and still is. George Morfogen, as Eugenio, the Miller's Italian courier (guide), is a zero. Cloris Leachman as Mrs. Miller and Duilio del Prete as Giovanelli, Daisy's Roman suitor, are adequate. James McMurtry, son of Larry

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

Claudine. Romantic comedy, Manhattan today, about blacks. James Earl Jones and Diahann Carroll very appealing.

The Conversation. An electronic snooper gets personally involved in his work. Script has lags and sags, but it's well made.

The Exorcist. Possession is nine-tenths of the lore. Shockingly good.

Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir. His last film. Some (rather knowing) charm. Still, it's the last he'll do for us, so...

SK

The Golden Boy as Heel

My Life as a Man

by Philip Roth

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$8.95)

Peter Tarnopol, the protagonist-monologist of Philip Roth's new novel, is a cunning sophist and casuist, a narcissist, megalomaniac and solipsist, a tireless self-justifier, a wily paranoiac. It would be futile to point out to him these minor flaws of character and personality, which he knows both better and not as well as we. Besides, they're not flaws: flaws trumpeted to all the world, closely documented in case the inattentive auditor happened to miss their least manifestation—such flaws can be regarded by their victim as heroic virtues, evidence of the most difficult, admirable kind of integrity, attained at terrible price. See these scars, this blood? They're mine—*mine!* Call Tarnopol a whiner, self-pitying, self-enamored, both villainous and sanctimonious, a prig, infantile—call him anything, the worse the better—and he'll tell you, with a sneaky show of pleasure, that you're pretty slow to discern the self-evident. If he weeps, who has better cause? Why else is he in expensive analysis with Dr. Spielvogel? (Remember Spielvogel, the disembodied voice speaking the celebrated one-liner to the momentarily exhausted Portnoy?) Tell him he's still suffering pre-ambulatory delusions of omnipotence and he'll instruct you in how that is best achieved in the incubator of parental, grandparental, sibling adoration, by being told from getting up to beddy-bye that he is the one, the only, anointed, a prince, that the world is his particular, hand-picked, out-of-season plum and all he has to do is open wide. From the primal scream, feet-up, there was no way Peter could miss summa cum laude at an Ivy League college, being heralded upon publication of his first novel as the Golden Boy of American fiction and sent off to Italy with a Prix de Rome. How was it, then, that this boy, destined for all the world's marbles—prodigiously gifted, brilliant, darkly good looking—how is it that his life can so readily have turned from a bed of roses to ashes in the mouth?

Like his kin Portnoy, Tarnopol tells us and tells us. Already predisposed to moral heroism, defenselessly vulner-

able to its exigencies; Tarnopol, obedient pupil that he is, absorbs whole the graduate school religio-literary culture of the '50s, the way we were taught to reflect, feel, experience, judge, value, live by such mentors as the great Russians, Flaubert, James, Conrad, Mann—to make, so to speak, of a choice between tea and coffee one of the supreme moments in the moral history of the race; to make of his life, as it were, a lyric that could withstand (more than endure: prevail against) the most rigorous exegetical criticism. Thus armed, Childe Peter meets Maureen Johnson, for whom, it turns out, all the Empsons in the world cannot suffice.

The key words in the long passage of the '50s (for the edification of those who are too old to remember, too young to know, too dissolute to care) were "maturity," "responsibility," the "capacity to love" and sustain "permanent relationships." A perfect patsy for all high-sounding trumpery, unable as yet to recognize intimidation and blackmail for what they are, Tarnopol, aspiring above all to be a "man," "manly," "mature" and so on—to do what his Master called the "real right thing"—marries the girl on the evidence of a positive urine sample. Marries her against the counsel of his family, the remnants of his own good sense, the clamorous dictates of his feeble instinct for self-preservation—only to learn after three years of sheer married hell that though the sample was indeed positive it happened to have emerged from someone else.

That marriage and Tarnopol's consuming, devastating thrashings within its thongs occupy the center of the novel; occupy his entire consciousness and its extensions into his life as he draws—compels—the world into its net. Before we meet Tarnopol and the snarls of his life, we are given two stories, which he calls "useful fictions," attempts to assimilate experience through art, the light and the dark of it, the first based on memories of prelapsarian days when he was king of all he surveyed, the latter on catastrophe. When we meet him in his proper person he has gathered up the wreckage of his life and retreated to

the hills of Vermont, there to evolve what he calls a "post-cataclysmic meditation of my marriage," which aptly describes both "Courting Disaster," the second of the useful fictions, and "My True Story," the longer second half of the book (as well as the novel as a whole)—and what his foil and critic Spielvogel calls, also aptly, his "narcissistic melodrama."

As if Spielvogel had to tell Tarnopol what he himself has been telling us all along: of course he's a narcissist! of course he's given to melodrama! He not only courts disaster—he also seeks it out; and where it does not come to him ready-made he creates it out of the void. His energies totally depleted first by his marriage, then by his efforts to end it, he had written very little since his auspicious debut. Maureen, whether married to or separated from, is a full-time occupation, though by inadvertence she leaves him enough, just barely, for a short-lived affair with one of his students and a long-lived affair with the hapless Susan McCall—rich, beautiful, well-born, a *cordon bleu* cook, infinitely devoted and loving, a bottomless well for absorbing with a sweet forgiving adoring smile all manner of condescension and abuse, but not altogether *there*—both of which come to grief. Standing amid ruins of his own making, Tarnopol eloquently denounces fate, the world, the universal plot to unman him; yet manages, in his endless quarrels with himself and the world, somehow to win them all, a triumphant witness to his own dismemberment.

So, in the face of such despair, whatever its provenance, what's so funny? A good deal, beginning with despair itself and the voice which is its funnel to the world—and the tension between the two: the more hysterically and jealously the despair insists upon its exalted status as the most wretched and hopeless the world has ever known, the more the voice—strident, pitched to a scream, an unending *geschrei*, both dirty and donnishly decorous, boisterous, insistent, clamorous, fractious, self-righteous, petulant, insufferably virtuous, shrewd, disingenuous, martyred, the voice of a depraved saint . . . the more the voice at all times undercuts, subverts, nullifies the *interesting*, the literary despair it claims as uniquely its own. A king's despair, Lear's, Tolstoy's, Kafka's: to deserve such grace one must be truly good, great, spiritually luminous, a Jewish family's radiant baby boy. Tarnopol makes an exact accounting of the damage, the spoilage, the mutilation, and

yet is as helplessly enthralled by that marvelous baby as his own mother.

What in the world can possibly validate that mad, spinning, spiraling and circling voice, all that tumult? Maureen Johnson Tarnopol? Poor little alley cat—the more we're hectored into savaging her, the more we're inclined to sympathize with her. She is not the very distillation of universal evil, an avenging devil sent to wreak destruction. A plausible case is one thing; but the voice, detached from its object and living recklessly beyond its means, wildly exceeds in its fury any possible occasion, any which can be located in the novel's grid. Free of all obligations, the voice scarcely requires an occasion for outrage; at the outer limits of its range everything must be grotesquely magnified to justify its volume. And at those reaches everything is possible: the flat-out paranoia of Tarnopol's lunatic conviction that an ordinary can-opener, stolen from Maureen's apartment after her failed (though serious) attempt at suicide, is really her dildo—along with a nearly-convincing demonstration of its erotic engineering. And it is not enough that she be *nearly* killed, she must be killed dead, rubbed out, instantaneously and gruesomely, her head flung through the windshield of a crashed car. Totaled: the thorn in his side plucked out at last, and for good.

"Good," says his brother when he hears of the death; and his mother, when she hears of it, asks, 250 miles from the scene of the carnage: "You're all right?" Therein lies the key, or a key, to Roth's extraordinary gifts, to the sheer pleasure one takes in reading him: at the limits of one's patience one is stunned with admiration. That's exactly what his big brother and mother would have said, that and nothing else; an image, an utterance has been perfectly observed and felicitously recorded; some scene, and there are many

of them, has been beautifully shaped, the comic complication measured in just the right degree and kind. Pure admiration and pleasure, of a sometimes guilty nature, such as we take in performance when they are their own end.

But the whole is less than the sum of its parts and finally impatience tilts the balance. The trouble with the comedy of extreme situations is that it can never hold still. Starting wild it must get wilder, flail itself from excess to excessiveness. Unless we can be drawn wholly into its vortex, an obsession obsesses only the obsessed; as a clinical category obsessions are narrow and limiting. Where inventiveness ends and the flailing continues in a whirlwind, desperation sets in and breeds cruelty. Poor Maureen again; it's not enough to beat her up, bloody her nose. It's also necessary, if you're truly possessed by the obsession—in a literal enactment of the urchin's threat—to knock the crap out of her and, having done so, to observe, cleverly, the swelling form in her panties—and having done that to extend the moment further, and without the slightest warrant wittily to relate her humiliation to a longed-for death. Stewing in her own reek, regressed to a babble, she begs for Liebestod: "Die me, die me good, die me long . . . *Make me dead!*" (He'd be more than happy to oblige: if will could kill, she'd have been mangled long since.) And still he is not delivered from her: truly to lay her ghost the whole awful record must be inscribed in a book, in fact this book, which is the book Tarnopol has gone to the mountain to write.

As against this reading, a quite different version is possible, of extraction, not by main force but because it has been built in most cannily—that Tarnopol is a sonofabitch and often seems at the threshold of discovering that transparent truth just before closing the door on it, and that Roth, cannier by far than the rest of us, knows it perfectly well. And why not, in a novel composed of dialectic, each argument hedged by counterargument, each thesis by antithesis? But in this version the synthesis has been omitted, and we are left with a portrait of the golden boy as tarnished heel; of the would-be "man" mired in the phallic or perhaps the anal stage, thereby validating Spielvogel's vulgar, "reductive" case history, and that the novel is certainly not. Either way, an obsession is an obsession—volatile, vivid, crafty, but still an obsession.

Saul Maloff

Cautious Hope

Dimensions of a New Identity by Erik H. Erikson

(Norton; \$5.95)

For many years Erik H. Erikson has tried to broaden psychoanalytic inquiry without sacrificing its particular (and quite complicated) approach to mental life. He has been interested in social and cultural issues; he has been sensitive to history's power: to the degree men are made or broken by the sweep of events in a given century. He has not been afraid of religious speculation; indeed, has been drawn to spiritual men—Luther and Gandhi. On the other hand, his carefully balanced prose reflects a continuing preoccupation: how to extend Freud's vision without becoming yet another all too facile psychiatric Pollyanna—full of those preachy formulations and certitudes our upper-middle-class secular world asks of psychoanalysts, especially one who has written again and again of "identity." That word, first used by Erikson some 30 years ago, has by now become a painful reminder that seriousness of purpose, scholarly brilliance and literary skill are simply not enough to protect one's ideas from the kind of greedy and gullible exploitation that has characterized our society's response to any notion of any social scientist that even remotely bears upon the meaning of life.

Yet Erikson dares continue his study of "identity," now in the two Jefferson lectures sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities. The time was early in 1973, the place Washington, DC; the lecturer knew that a hitherto powerful and strongly supported, if not revered President was suddenly under siege as few Presidents had been before. It would have been a convenient occasion for an all too contemporary "application" of psychoanalysis: the presidency and the psychopathology associated with it. He takes note of the expectations of those who came to hear him, never mind the larger audience a book reaches, but says no, he will take the name of the lectures quite seriously, devote his thoughts to Jefferson's life and ideals, and to what his convictions have come to mean to us. Though Erik-

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son of course edited those lectures, he has made no effort to expand them into a large, discursive presentation. The result is an exceptionally crisp, lucid, though informal style; he feels free to range widely through his own constructs, as well as those developed by Jefferson. No doubt in response to the pressure of time and space allowed for two prepared addresses, he felt constrained to bring into sharp focus much that he has acknowledged in the past to be vague or hard to put in words.

Although his regard for Jefferson is high, Erikson makes no effort to justify such an attitude as Jefferson's toward blacks: inferior in many respects to whites. He conveys the man's austere, moody side without turning him into a psychiatric "case." In fact much of the lectures is given over to an insistent plea that those publicly "analyzed" (by biographers interested in psychology) not be treated as patients. Rather Jefferson's vision of what America ought to be is connected to the kind of life he himself lived. The author wants to show how a man's sense of himself gains expression in his public deeds as well as his written or spoken words—and the result is not necessarily "the psychopathology of everyday life," but the affirmation of a person's dignity and integrity.

Jefferson was very much an ethically concerned man who wanted America to show the rest of the world how backward, provincial and mean-spirited it had been. He believed in reason, and hoped somehow that its domain would steadily increase. He was a marvelously gifted man, much envied, hence an object of curiosity, gossip and, ultimately, resentment. He was strongly moral, yet tolerant, and at times quite rebellious. He was tempted by self-righteousness, but fought hard to understand rather than condemn others. His struggle, Erikson shows, is ours as a nation—and the stakes are as high as possible: the survival of mankind.

The "new identity" of this book's title will, hopefully, be the kind that is not built up and maintained at the expense of others: "we" have it, but "they" don't. Scapegoating is an old phenomenon, documented quite subtly in the Bible. For some time Erikson has tried to indicate how, from childhood on, we learn (are taught) to define and respect ourselves as better than various "others." He has in mind not "sick" people, but all of us, who bolster our self-esteem at the expense of those who live across the tracks, or an ocean, or a particular

boundary line—or those who don't have our "training" or "expertise." Sometimes the result seems harmless enough: pride in one's town or state, in one's region or nation, in one's cultural background or national origin, or educational career. But Erikson has spent a lifetime showing how difficult it often is to distinguish our legitimate and necessary aspirations from the more destructive side of our nature, his "negative identity" theory. Even a kind, contemplative and generous man like Jefferson could regard black people as distinct inferiors, and at one point in his life could spend a great deal of time conjuring up rather cruel punishments for various kinds of lawbreakers. No one, not even the most farsighted and even-tempered, escapes the confines of a given historical moment; leaders struggle for a new vision, but can only take themselves so far, never mind those who are destined to follow. And always, amid the growth of a person or a nation, amid reason displayed and good judgment demonstrated, there is the other side—irrationality and malevolence, the envy and spite that we all contend with, and often find it useful to attribute to others, an act of divestiture that narrows us and causes pain to others: those we turn upon, belittle, declare in various ways "different."

There is no facile solution forthcoming from Erikson; he knows how easy it is, these days, for social scientists to gain the ear of millions. His own concepts, intended originally as a helpful way of looking at mental life, have become in the hands of many the purest of clichés: identity and identity crisis, for example. Still he won't yield; he insists upon broadening the "dimensions" of his

own thinking even as he wonders whether we will ever learn to think of each other as infinitely more alike than unlike, as primarily human beings who share a limited time on a planet whose "life" these days certainly cannot be taken for granted.

For Erikson the writing of Thomas Jefferson provides yet another chance to clarify the opportunities and risks that a psychoanalyst faces when he tries to make sense not only of great men, but of the historical forces they submit to as well as help shape. Speaking of "psychohistory," with which his "name is often associated," he declares "I would not wish to associate myself with all that is done in the name of this term." He takes pain to dismiss efforts at "explaining" the gifted through their psychopathology: "For a gift there can be no itemized bill. The whole ecology of greatness, therefore, transcends many of the assumptions which clinical work has suggested regarding the inner economy of a person." And maybe the rest of us, not "great," but not beyond a Jeffersonian dream or two, can begin to experience a bit of transcendence—as a result of which we can begin to see one another less narrowly, hence turn into the larger persons Erikson believes it at least possible for us to become. Erikson's book is no handbook that promises "techniques" for such an achievement, but one feels in him a cautious hope, no doubt the motivating spirit of his effort, that many of us in this country can do better, can live less self-centered lives, given the kind of leadership that would help realize the social and economic circumstances Jefferson hoped and dreamed America one day would offer.

Robert Coles

Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn *"Letter to the Soviet Leaders"*

The famous "secret" letter, from which excerpts were published earlier this year, is now available in a complete English translation.

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Natural Inferiority

Black British, White British by Dilip Hiro

(Monthly Review Press; \$8.95)

Twenty years ago last month the US Supreme Court, in *Brown vs. Board of Education*, destroyed the "separate but equal" doctrine in education. The unanimous decision unleashed a revolution in American racial attitudes. By contrast, semisocialist Britain has hardly begun to face its own race problem.

As Dilip Hiro in this illuminating and comprehensive book shows, English race relations are plagued by a "conspiracy of silence." Government agencies, TV and newspapers, the police and officially sponsored community relations groups collude to keep the lid on. Tight-lipped secrecy is deemed the best way to avoid US-style riots. The result is paranoia and Powellism.

"No one [expresses] the thoughts and feelings of the majority of white Britons on race relations and colored immigration as well and as lucidly as Enoch Powell. . . ." says Hiro. Powell, a classical Greek scholar and ex-Tory health minister, has been Britain's unofficial Prime Minister ever since his notorious Birmingham speech in 1968, when he prophesied rivers "foaming with much blood" unless the "wide-grinning picaninnies" and their black fathers weren't kicked out ("assisted reemigration").

The roots of British racism are deep and old. A North African, Septimius Severus, ruled England as Roman Emperor 193-211 A.D. In the 16th century West African slaves were freely sold as household servants. The most eminent citizens of the world's leading slave-trading nation were unblushingly racist. In his essay, "Of National Characters," the philosopher Hume said: "I am apt to suspect the Negroes to be naturally inferior." Anthony Trollope contemptuously derided Jamaican blacks. More significantly, even the great 19th-century anti-slavery liberals never fully faced up to how deeply they and their fortunes were implicated in the slave trade. The liberal lobby in England today makes the NAACP look positively Bolshevik by comparison.

No resident of Harlem or Watts has felt, I think, the terrible isolation and loneliness of the British black. Numbers are against him: there are nearly 1.5

million blacks in Britain—and 49 million whites. Until recently black groups were hopelessly divided by origin, language and custom. In ghetto areas I know best, Liverpool 8 and Manchester's Moss Side, the prejudice between different national groups—even among different islanders of the same group—was at least as strong as that encountered from whites. It has taken five major postwar race riots, two racist Immigration Acts and widespread police harassment to awaken British blacks to brotherhood. Enoch Powell and "Paki-bashing" has forced even ultra-orthodox Hindus and Muslims into resistance. The Indian Workers Association has won strikes—often despite union indifference and white coworkers' scabbing.

"Until a generation ago, half of the British population had not even seen a colored person. . . ." Hiro writes. Unexposed to the reality of homegrown blacks, the ordinary Briton believed that 1) he was the world's great democrat and 2) wogs were subhuman. The most militant Yorkshire miner, I learned, could also be the staunchest anti-Semite and wog-hater. Egalitarian rhetoric and incredible chauvinism coexist in the stoutest socialist hearts, as any onlooker at Labour party and trade union conferences can still attest. This smugness was shattered by simple economics: postwar industry had to have immigrant labor or die.

Since 1948 the fact of black settlers in their midst has created in the British psyche a trauma made more painful, and potentially more explosive, by the stubborn evasiveness of successive Tory and Labour governments. Hiro documents how, from Attlee on, Whitehall eagerly recruited black workers but complacently refused to accept the implications of its own immigration policies. From the heights of Hampstead Heath both socialist and Conservative politicians preached "fair play" and "human dignity" while the voiceless (if not voteless) white masses of Notting Hill and Wolverhampton had to cope with the daily problems of adjustment to alien blacks their textbooks had

taught them to despise.

Hiro, a Pakistani-born journalist, has here written one of the best books on British race I've read. He sheds much-needed light on who the "black British" actually are. Historically, pride of place goes to the descendants of black African seamen who settled in English ports many decades ago. Cardiff's and Liverpool's inner cities are full of the (often) startlingly beautiful children of these black-white marriages. Such third- and fourth-generation Liverpoolians, with their broad Scouse accents and rapid-fire Mersey wit, are called "half castes" by white neighbors. Even the BBC terms them "immigrants."

Afro-Caribbeans, concentrated in a few London boroughs or industrial cities like Birmingham, keep Britain's hospital and transport services running. Indians and Pakistanis, some working an 84-hour week, man the northern cotton mills. Kenya and Uganda Asians, kicked out of East Africa and grudgingly admitted as British passport holders, may have suffered the hardest transition, from exploiting shopkeeper to exploited "nig-nog."

In addition, of course, there are illegal immigrants. The media, which ignores stable black communities, goes quite wild over the occasional rowboat full of shivering Pakistani wetbacks. Repeated "invasion" scares stimulate an artificial crisis atmosphere leading to (not altogether legal) police raids on suspect homes; endemic blackmail in immigrant communities; and a work permit system that increasingly resembles South Africa's. No British black is entirely secure in white Britain.

Conventional liberal wisdom blames it all on Enoch Powell. This ignores the true history of race in England. The 1919 race riots were duplicated a number of times in later years, usually during stress periods—but often unrecorded. The press couldn't ignore the Notting Hill riots in 1958, a time of inflation and deepening crisis of British national identity. "Deport all niggers!" the white mobs chanted. At the height of the violence against blacks the local labour MP, George Rogers, demanded a stop to black immigration.

Thus ended an "age of innocence." Whites learned that, no matter how piously the Establishment talked, mob pressure could panic it into racist legislation. Blacks learned they were "blacks first and British second."

Today there are half a million British-born black kids. Fraternizing with hip black American GIs, they're in no mood

for Uncle Tomism, whether from their parents or from the official blacks of the liberal lobby. Often called "educationally sub-normal," they're at the bottom of the job ladder. Michael X, with whom so many black youth identify, is about to hang. Protest and you go to jail.

A young black leader in Liverpool once told me, "No white person can understand. They'll get me. When they decide I've said too much they'll put me away." I told him he was being overdramatic. With luck—and no time off for "good behavior"—he'll be out of Wakefield prison next Christmas.

Clancy Sigal

Six Pounds Of Bard

The Riverside Shakespeare

(Houghton Mifflin; \$14.95)

The Riverside Shakespeare is thicker than the Manhattan phone book, and heavier. I could swear the mailman gave me a dirty look when he delivered it. According to Harold Miller, president of Houghton Mifflin, it's "the most comprehensive one-volume edition of Shakespeare ever published," and might, he says, become what no text has yet been: the "standard" Shakespeare.

By "standard" Mr. Miller may mean simply an edition designed, as this one is, to appeal equally to "the general reader, the student, or the scholar," no easy task in itself. Or he may mean something even more ambitious: an edition intended to supersede, not merely add to, the dozens already in existence—to fix, for the time being at least, the elusive texts of the plays and poems.

The prospect that this edition will make future ones unnecessary is an unlikely one, for overcoming the peculiar uncertainties that exist about what Shakespeare actually set down is what keeps textual editors in business. G.

Blakemore Evans labored on the text for *Riverside* for over 10 years, as he explains with heroic clarity and cogency in the section devoted to "Shakespeare's Text." He collated all the earlier editions, piecing together the evidence of the many quartos and folios, accepting this emendation and rejecting that one. Is it, for example, Hamlet's "too too *solid* flesh" that oppresses him, or his "*sullied* flesh," or his "*sallied* flesh"? *Sallied*, says Evans (*solid*, say I). Some of the variant readings open up unexpected vistas of Beckett-like surrealism; consider having to choose among the fun-house mirrors of "My fool usurps my body," "A fool usurps my bed," "My foot usurps my body," and "My foot usurps my head." For esoteric but ultimately plausible reasons, Evans believes that the second version is what Lear means; most modern editors have preferred the first.

Experts will debate the merits of Evans' text for years to come; evaluating it properly is a job requiring tremendous specialized knowledge and lots of time. Probably some, but certainly not all, will adopt it. Scholars tend to use the text that best supports the thesis they're arguing, or the one to which they've formed loyalties over long association; in checking 11 recent books and articles on Shakespeare selected at random, I found eight different editions in use. Like Cleopatra's, his appeal obviously lies in his infinite variety.

For the general reader though, one text is much like another. For the fellow who wants to refresh his memory of a play before seeing it performed, or simply dip into a masterpiece on a cold winter's evening (if there are any such fellows left), perhaps it's the commentaries that matter most: what he wants is a way in. The general introduction to this edition is by Harry Levin, as graceful a stylist as one could hope for, who tries, he announces, "to set the plays into their most meaningful contexts." And certainly he succeeds, though the historical and biographical and critical backgrounds he provides aren't remarkably different from what you'll find in popular one-volume Shakespeares already available. Still they have the virtue of reflecting the latest speculation about the playwright and his works: perhaps Shakespeare loved Anne Hathaway after all; perhaps Elizabethan England is more accurately thought of as an emerging imperialist power than as a pastoral Arcadia; perhaps some of the characters in the plays are better seen as conventionalized

types than as realistic portrayals of human beings.

The short introductions to the individual plays are also up-to-date and of uniformly high quality, though their authors—Anne Barton for the comedies, Frank Kermode for the tragedies, Herschel Baker for the histories and Hallett Smith for the late romances—seldom strive for the brilliance and originality they've achieved elsewhere. They seem content to gather together representative critical opinion, to lay a solid foundation for elementary understanding, which is perhaps the wisest approach for a book designed for mass appeal. Yet I miss the excitement of J.R. Brown's essay on the links between love and money in his introduction to the New Arden *Merchant of Venice*, and nothing in the *Riverside* can rival, for sheer helpfulness, Maurice Charney's indispensable little book, *How to Read Shakespeare*.

Finally, what the *Riverside Shakespeare* has going for it is its size and completeness. Everything is here: lavish illustrations, maps, charts, bibliography, textual apparatus, appendices (like Charles H. Shattuck's fine discussion of stage history from 1660 to 1973). It is that proverbial one book to be shipwrecked with. And its size makes it quite readable, too, for a double-column text, since the type is reasonably large and the lines aren't jammed together.

On balance, then, it's the best one-

Note:

The Harvard Concordance to Shakespeare, by Marvin Spevack (Harvard University Press; \$45) is the first complete one-volume guide to every word and phrase in Shakespeare. This valuable and weighty volume contains 884,647 words, 118,406 lines, 31,959 speeches, one-half million quotations, and 1599 pages. There is no conceivable phrase or word or reference in Shakespeare that you might want to locate that is not here. The **Concordance** is keyed to **The Riverside Shakespeare** which makes the two volumes, in combination, an indispensable couple. Note however that the **Concordance** can be used with other editions because the play or poem, act, scene and line are all given in order to facilitate location at the source.

—DG

volume edition of Shakespeare I've seen for the general reader, the serious English major or the Shakespeare buff, and considering what books are selling for these days, it's a bargain. Scholars will make some use of it too, since the new concordance to Shakespeare's works is keyed to it (see note), and since Houghton Mifflin has been mailing free copies of the *Riverside* to English departments all over the country.

But what about the kid who read *Julius Caesar* in high school and thinks he'd like to take a college Shakespeare survey if there isn't too much reading? Few such courses offer all 38 plays, it goes without saying, and the sort of undergraduate who buys books not for a lifetime but for a semester may have little use for as comprehensive a volume as this one—bad news, if true, for Houghton Mifflin, whose first printing is in the neighborhood of 30,000 copies. I'll recommend it to my classes, but assigning it as a required text is another matter. Many of my students come miles to school each day, and I wouldn't relish asking them to tote along a textbook that weighs something like six pounds.

Richard Horwich

Enigma of Taxes

Who Bears the Tax Burden?

by Joseph A. Pechman
and Benjamin A. Okner

(Brookings Institution; \$5.95)

One problem with taxes, perennial and perhaps insoluble, is the attitude of taxpayers. The average citizen doesn't know how much he pays, is suspicious about the relative burden of others, and is never sure what he gets for his money. There is a mystery and a flavor of authority in government's fiscal operations that have provoked alarm and resistance ever since the second millennium before Christ, when the Pharaoh's viziers exacted annual tributes in grain, wine, oil, honey, textiles, cattle and whatever else the population produced. It is said that remarkably detailed statistics were prepared in those days on Egypt's revenue. Today the situation is more complicated, especially in the

United States where the federal government, 50 states and 81,000 local jurisdictions impose levies on tobacco, gasoline, alcoholic beverages, imports, sales in general, profits, property, payrolls, capital gains, incomes and inheritances. As the list suggests, there is a lively competition among our several branches of government for reliable sources of revenue—activities that do not dry up as they become more costly. The excises on gas, tobacco and alcohol are prime examples. The limiting cases we have not yet come to are charges on loving, walking or breathing, for which the avenues of escape (celibacy, paralysis or death) would be for nearly all Americans less attractive than payment.

It may be as Oliver Wendell Holmes declared, that "taxes are what we pay for civilized society," but such lofty thoughts do not assuage the individual's interest in such nagging questions as: How unfair is the burden I bear compared to others? What return do I get for my ample contribution (\$8000 for an average family of four in 1973) to the government's treasury? The first of these questions is the one that Joseph A. Pechman and Benjamin A. Okner investigate in their new study. The senior author is chief of the economics pro-

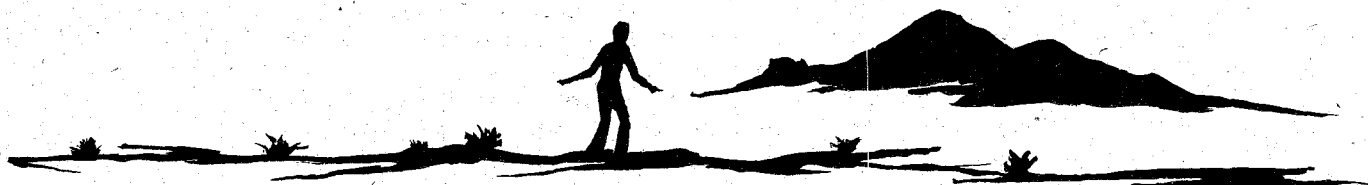
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gram at the Brookings Institution and generally regarded as one of the two or three top authorities on taxes. Okner is one of his highly skilled colleagues at Brookings. In *Who Bears the Tax Burden?* they utilize new data resources bearing on a special sample of 72,000 US taxpayers and their own formidable knowledge of economic, statistical and computer techniques. Despite this impressive input and their most ingenious efforts, the yield of fresh information is modest, reflecting the nearly intractable stumbling blocks that face all investigators in this field.

Among these obstacles is the imperfect knowledge economists possess of the incidence of certain taxes. For example who pays the very substantial tax—\$36 billion in 1973—on corporation profits? Is all of it, some of it, or none of it passed on to purchasers in higher prices? Who pays the tax on rental properties, the owners or the tenants? Similar questions arise for other "indirect" taxes. Perhaps of equal importance is the problem of illegally unreported incomes, or illegitimately inflated costs, that distort the returns of some businessmen, professionals and farmers. To none of these questions have economists yet been able to find a satisfactory answer, a situation that leaves them with the alternatives of ignoring the difficulties or making arbitrary assumptions about them. Except for the illegal evasions, which are largely overlooked, it is the latter course that the present authors pursue. To their credit, however, they adopt several sets of assumptions, and for each set develop a separate estimate of the distribution of taxes among family income groups. For example one variant assumes that tenants pay all the taxes on rental properties, a second that they pay half of it, a third that they pay none.

The result is that the reader is presented with a variety of possible distributions of income—eight in all—among which the differences are considerable. Given this range of possibilities, about all one can conclude with a tolerable degree of certainty is that the ratio of taxes to income is not *very* progressive as we move from poor families to rich—a familiar generalization well established in previous studies and fully described in all the textbooks. In other words the progressiveness of the federal income tax is more or less offset by the regressiveness of some other taxes, especially those on sales. But whether it is more or less remains an open question.

This is not to deny that this study adds

more detail and a further buttressing for that limited conclusion. For example in one version of the distributional pattern, it shows that the proportion of income paid in taxes rises slowly from less than 20 percent at family incomes of \$3000 to 25 percent at the \$25,000 level, and then advances more briskly to 30 percent at \$75,000 and over 50 percent at one million dollars. But that is the extreme at one range of the possibilities. All we know is that the actual distribution is most likely not more progressive than that.

At the other extreme the authors show that the ratio of taxes to income remains steady at about 25 percent for all incomes from \$3000 all the way up to \$75,000, and then rises modestly to 32 percent at incomes of one million dollars and over. We can be fairly sure that the tax system is not much *less* progressive than that, although by no means entirely certain. I would guess that if illegal evasions were taken into account the incidences of taxes might turn out to be definitely regressive.

A subsidiary objective of the Pechman-Okner study was to cast some light on the influence of demographic factors in the determination of the tax burden. In general the results on this score were not much more clear-cut than on the overall distribution among income groups. For example they show that the aged fare better in taxes in nearly all income brackets than do those under 65 on one set of assumptions, but not so on another set. Homeowners and farmers in most income brackets pay smaller taxes than do renters and city dwellers, though again the differences vary significantly with underlying assumptions. Comparisons of renters with wage and salary earners and singles with married couples are also sensitive to the alternative postulates, and in the latter instance to a change in the income tax law subsequent to the date (1966) to which the Pechman-Okner statistics apply.

One firm conclusion emerges from the study, even though indirectly. It is that if one tax collector misses you, another won't, despite all the loopholes through which the wary and the rich can scramble. For the average, non-rich citizen, the tax system with all its sundry components is especially unneglectful. It blasts him like the pellets of a shotgun. The only sure way to beat the revenooers—and then not by much—is to have a lot of children, no property and a very low income.

Sporting Lives

A Long Way, Baby: Behind the Scenes in Women's Pro Tennis by Grace Lichtenstein

(Morrow; \$6.95)

Like 33 million other Americans I was watching TV last September when Billie Jean King demolished 55-year-old Bobby Riggs at the Astrodome in Houston. And like most of the 33 million I found the outcome most gratifying. The middle-aged Riggs' humiliation of Margaret Court the previous May, though it may have been a tribute to Riggs' uncommon physical survival, had seemed unnecessary, a gratuitous slam. Everyone *knew* that men were better athletes than women, but what was the point of rubbing it in? So when Billie Jean proved that a 29-year-old top-ranking woman player could at least whip an aging male, I didn't feel a bit sorry for Bobby.

In retrospect, however, the Riggs affair seems to have been A Good Thing, in that it put women's tennis into the big time. What Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills Moody, Alice Marble, Little Mo Connolly, Althea Gibson, Margaret Court and Billie Jean had been unable to accomplish in deadly center court set-to with their own peers, King managed by trouncing a man who had first won the US singles championship five years before she was born, in 1939. She was now a Celebrity. Strangers recognized her in airports. Howard Cosell thought it obligatory to demonstrate that he was on a first-name basis with her, thus placing her on a par with several hundred pro football players.

Now we have another sign that women's tennis has made it big. One of those inside-the-locker-room-type books has been produced, giving us the true scoop on what the pros are like during off hours, and what kind of language they employ when not on television. Grace Lichtenstein, reporter for *The New York Times*, spent a year following the women's pro tennis circuit, and now provides us with the inside information.

The vogue for this kind of sports book is interesting. It doesn't go back very far; until very recently books about athletes tended to be of the inspirational

Melville J. Ulmer

variety. I recall how startled I was in my youth when Paul Gallico wrote a book in which he took his leave of the press box, and in the course of a piece on Babe Ruth remarked that the noted home run hitter had not only been boisterous in his time, but was even known to have "wenched." Think of that! Printed in a book, for all to see.

In the middle 1950s, however, this changed. The advent of *Sports Illustrated* was primarily responsible. The Luce empire made the highly profitable decision that a well educated, middle-middle and upper-middle class audience was ready for a more sophisticated approach to sports reportage. Now it was possible to write about athletes and athletics without writing down too obviously. At the same time a more permissive attitude toward censorship liberated the four-letter English words for use in print. Starting, therefore, with Jim Brosnan's fascinating major league baseball diaries, which revealed that in bullpen and shower stall the professional ball player resorted to metaphors somewhat different than those used in televised interviews, we got a steady stream of inside-the-locker-room exposés of which Jerry Kramer's *Instant Replay* was most notable. The use of the tape recorder accomplished what generations of interviews and ghostwriters had failed to do: preserve the ordinary verbiage of athletes. Perhaps the acme of some kind or other was attained in Jim Bouton's *Ball Four*: red-blooded American heroes like Mickey Mantle were depicted in the process of displaying an occasional interest in the female anatomy.

Now the technique has been extended to women's tennis. Lichtenstein, who readily admits that her knowledge of the technical expertise of tennis is less than exhaustive, spent a year with the women pros. The Bobby Riggs extravaganza provides the frame. She begins with the preparations for the Houston affair, then goes back to describe the rival Virginia Slims and USLTA tours, reaches a climax at Wimbledon and Forest Hills, and closes with King's drubbing of the aging Bobby.

En route we learn, for example, that at one tournament in New Jersey, 32 players used up one king-sized box of tampons. That after a doubles match in which Chris and Jeanne Evert defeated Patti Hogan and Sharon Walsh at St. Petersburg, Walsh "stormed off to the dressing room, leaving a trail of 'motherfucker' in her wake." That the Virginia Slims tour employed a fashion

designer to see to the ladies' appearances, whose chief problem, as a result of years of bending, stretching and rotating one arm, was that the pros were larger on one side of their bodies from shoulder to waist.

In addition Billie Jean King is chronicled as still greatly enjoying the feel of hitting tennis balls, and that the only other activity that gives her that much sheer physical pleasure is sex. ("Don't print that!" Billie Jean is quoted as having added; alas, Lichtenstein did.) Also that being on the pro tour cuts down on the amatory life of the unmarried players, since the women's tour doesn't attract groupies. Also that Julie Anthony, when asked what her strategy would be against Chris Evert at Forest Hills, said "with a warm smile" that "I'm going to beat the shit out of her." (She did not.) And that during the Riggs-King contest, when Bobby was getting his lumps a discernible stain of red appeared on the seat of his pants. "Maybe he's getting his period!" declared Nancy Richey Gunter.

I desist. It seems that women pros are human, thus reasonably interesting. If Lichtenstein is a mite short on details of how the game of tennis is played (with some few adjustments this book could probably have been written about, say, women pro golfers, except that there wouldn't have been any Bobby Riggs for straight man), she has a sharp eye for characterization and a good sense of timing. She is best when chronicling the private rivalries and tensions between women pros. We leave her book with the suspicion that professional women tennis players are, as a group, not especially remarkable for philosophical depth or psychological insight. In this they join the ranks of their male counterparts in the various branches of sport, as revealed by the Messrs. Kramer, Brosnan, Bouton.

What they are mainly good at is hitting tennis balls accurately and swiftly. Margaret Court is probably right in claiming that women's tennis is more fun to watch than men's tennis, since it involves less overpowering force and more careful shot-making, for the same reason that college basketball is more interesting to the average spectator than the instant-field-goal professional variety. Thanks to the gall of Bobby Riggs, Americans now know this. So we may yet see Billie Jean's visage, eyeglasses and all, on a bubble-gum card.

Louis D. Rubin, Jr.

Billie Jean by Billie Jean King

(Harper & Row; \$5.95)

Sports Fans of the World Unite by Eddie Andelman

(Dodd, Mead; \$4.95)

The World Heavyweight Boxing Championship by John D. McCallum

(Chilton; \$12)

Talking about sporting events is the great American equalizer, pleasurable, and a painless way to cross class lines, to be a regular guy. Oddly enough this aspect of our lives has been strangely neglected by most imaginative writers. A few exceptions: Bernard Malamud's *The Natural* (baseball), Don DeLillo's *End Zone* (college football) and W. C. Heinz's *The Professional* (boxing), three remarkable novels that manipulate sport into mythic representations of crucial aspects of our lives. But it is in nonfiction that sporting books abound, for the most part either pedestrian "as told to" autobiographies or, more recently, the exposés that have brought athletes down to size.

Some sporting occasions help to define our times; a glaring example was the highly ballyhooed tennis spectacle that featured an aging, foolish Bobby Riggs in combat with the peppy, dedicated Billie Jean King. Sensible liberals (I am one) rooted for King though well aware that we were being toyed with. Great sums of cash were made from a valid cultural issue. It was a ripoff as, unfortunately, is King's autobiography (written "with Kim Chapin"—"Kim" is a man). More brand names are slyly inserted than in a James Bond thriller and the author reveals little that isn't public record. We are informed that the putative play-for-fun-only golden boys and girls of tennis were, to a large extent, professionals. King quotes Arthur Ashe as once saying "We all deserve Oscars for impersonating amateurs."

What is frightening about *Billie Jean* is that, deliberately or unconsciously, she manages to come off as a rather unpleasant opportunist who, in a sense, uses the women's movement. She discusses her "killer instinct." "Get 'em on the ropes and then wham 'em—pow, and it's all over." Her makeshift system of values is oddly commercialized. She

admits to having serious doubts about former tennis friends:

I'd known Kristien a long time and she'd come to me for advice on everything from tennis to personal matters for years, and I'd gone to her for advice too, but one day she just popped up and said it was over, that her goal was to be Number One and we just couldn't spend a lot of time together anymore. That's pretty grim.

Another buddy, Rosie Casals, tells her she, too, wants to be number one. Billie Jean translates this into "I want what you've got so badly that I've got to find a way to somehow destroy you." Billie Jean does not come to terms with what this attitude implies any more than she does with her much publicized abortion. Not much of a reader, she manages to pay tribute to *Atlas Shrugged* and treats us to a capsulized review of Ayn Rand's novel. The book's two main themes are "how an intense love for something can be a source of both strength and weakness, and how success can sometimes breed envy, jealousy, resentment, and even hate." These sentiments are approved by Billie Jean as being "right on the mark." A great athlete, she fights the good battle for her fellow women athletes while being sponsored by a cigarette company. Somehow she comes out of her autobiography as a loser, a victim to the *macho* philosophy, the very attitude that has kept women as second-class citizens. The inherent dilemmas of the woman athlete have completely eluded this superstar.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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Ambiguity is part of America's love affair with her athletes: note the lively compilation of mini-biographies of heavyweight champions in *The World Heavyweight Boxing Championship* by John D. McCallum. We are served up the mostly flamboyant lives of the pugilistic kings from the patriotic John L. Sullivan to the troubled present champ George Foreman, another superpatriot whose waving of a tiny American flag at the Olympics as an amateur delighted most TV viewers. Unfortunately McCallum is a bit cautious on such matters as the treatment given Muhammad Ali and the vicious exploitation of Joe Louis, but any boxing buff would treasure this illustrated volume. What is most interesting is the foreword by Dr. Charles P. Larson, former president of the World Boxing Association. It is a spirited, bubbleheaded defense of a brutal sport. Boxing, we are told, "appeals to the primitive instincts of man" and this is all to the good as it brings into the open those feelings we have cloaked with timidity. Boxing gives the poorest members of society a chance to advance, for "boxing is the great leveler." As for injuries that might occur, why science has made great strides in protecting the brawlers and "I know of no instance where death occurred from a punch on the head if the head was moving" — great consolation, no doubt, for the families of Davey Moore and Benny Paret whose heads weren't twirling fast enough.

Sports need heavy muckraking: a cheery and lively debunker is Eddie Andelman, one of three gentlemen who make up a wild Boston radio program called "The Sports Huddle." In *Sports Fans of the World Unite* Andelman presents his credo: enjoy, enjoy . . . but don't be conned. He deplores the bush violence of hockey, a game wherein players wear protection for their genitals but not their heads, he speaks out against the treatment of black players, and he is keenly aware of the greed and, yes, the stupidity of many team owners. His pet peeves include the too-rapid expansion of baseball and hockey leagues and the great attention paid to New York City franchises. We part company when he supports legalized betting on games and criticizes Kareem Abdul Jabbar (formerly Lew Alcindor) for changing his name (Andelman comments, "Sorry, but I can't tell the difference"). He wants fans to organize so that "we can return fun to the game and the game to the fans." Amen!

Charles Shapiro

Mythmaker

The Natural Superiority of Women third and revised edition by Ashley Montagu

(Macmillan; \$1.95)

Ashley Montagu, the anthropologist, has been writing about the "natural superiority of women" since 1952, a period (early Eisenhower) more productive of prophetic work about sexuality and sexual equality than one might suspect. In 1953 for example, both the Kinsey report about the human female and the American edition of Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* were issued. Montagu's book has the peculiar glory of being committed at once to the noblest of purposes and the most curious of ideas.

His chatty, repetitive style may diffuse the book's moral urgency. Montagu is devising a blueprint for human survival and writing a popular pamphlet in its defense. He says that we need more "mutual love and understanding," "more givers of life and fewer takers," more "cooperation" and less "competition." Only the surliest curmudgeon could disagree. More rashly, he blames much of our plight on sexual polarization and the triumph of "masculine" values and male chauvinism. He urges not simply that we work for equality between the sexes, but that we, men and women alike, incorporate the "feminine" values of gentleness, thoughtfulness, responsiveness, tenderness and love. Some of the boldest of feminists, some of the most revered of saints have said no more.

An oddity of *The Natural Superiority of Women* is the place of actual women in its survival schemes. Montagu's first axiom is that women, in a number of ways, are biogenetically superior to men. "The natural superiority of women is a biological fact, and a socially unacknowledged reality." Women carry two X-chromosomes, but normal men have only one X-chromosome and one puny Y-chromosome. As a result women are constitutionally stronger. To "Y" can be traced such unappetizing conditions as barklike skin and "dense hairy growth on the ears." Moreover women, tougher and more adaptive today, probably point to the direction

of human evolution tomorrow, the development promise of the race.

Montagu risks what all social theoreticians who argue from nature risk—if notions about nature were to change, the theories they have supported would go. Undeterred, he goes on to state that male and female sexuality differ. Men are perpetually aroused, but women are not in such a "chronic state of sex irritation . . . of continuous rut." In a great leap of illogic, he concludes that sex must mean more to women. For them sex has something to do with being an interdependent and kindly person. Montagu shows a strange distrust of physical passion for a man who so roots human behavior in biological behavior, human nature in physical nature, notions of the just state in the mitosis of the amoeba.

Women also have reproductive organs. Montagu traces a genesis of false male claims to superiority, and the raw physical brutality with which such claims have been enforced, to male envy of women's fecund womb. He also argues, as George Bernard Shaw does in *Man and Superman*, that men become artists and intellectuals because they need to prove that they are as creative as child-bearing women:

Because women live creatively, they rarely experience the need to depict or write about that which to them is a primary experience and which men know only at second remove. Women create naturally—men create artificially.

To believe Montagu is to think of clitoridectomies, as well as *King Lear*, as symptoms of male jealousy and over-compensation.

If female reproductive organs drive men to the frenzy of sadism or of art, they guarantee that women will be sources of love in a loveless world. The simple fact that they bear children makes them, for Montagu, on-flowing fountains of maternal love. Maternal love—the unfaltering care of the strong for the vulnerable—is a paradigm of all love. Even women who have never had children, only the apparatus for them, will be sweetly maternal in thought, word and deed. Because their sexuality, be it carnal or reproductive, is inseparable from love, women possess "biological, moral, social, and aesthetic" superiority. They have achieved, to paraphrase Shelley, a sublime victory over sensuality and force.

In effect Montagu has revised the

myth of Beauty and the Beast. Lovely, advanced, humane woman must be wary of lecherous, primitive, pawing man. However, she will redeem man. Indeed, she must redeem man. That is Beauty's responsibility to the human race. Montagu writes, "It is the function of women to teach men how to be human." (Italics mine.) Or, in a more metaphorical mood, he asserts, "One of the primary tasks of women will be to remove the taboo [on male tenderness], for it is largely by the warmth of their own tenderness that the long ice age of man's emotions will be thawed." Luckily, it is "dominantly" (italics Montagu's) in the nature of human beings to want to love and to be loved, although one wonders why a dominant desire has proved so historically feeble.

Inevitably Montagu's attitude toward freedom for women is self-contradictory. He genuinely wants women to have as many opportunities in the social world as men now have. He knows that they will well use what chances they have. Let women in the scientific laboratory, and a Madame Curie will walk out with Nobel prizes. His only overt fear is that women will follow the practice and dogma of "phony feminists" and imitate "male" patterns of murderous competitiveness and bullying individualism. Yet he is so committed to his picture of women as naturally loving mothers that he believes they would choose a nurturing role no matter how much freedom they had. ". . . All that I am saying," he writes, "is that women, because they are women, are more interested in human relationships, in which they can creatively love and be loved. As long as this remains the true genius of women, the world will be safe for humanity."

Montagu apparently thinks of himself as radical. Perhaps his assault on the folly of male chauvinism; his advocacy of more women in politics and education; his proposal that husbands and wives have part-time jobs so that both can raise their children still shock people. Despite those stern lectures to the male, those compliments to the female, he is profoundly conservative. His belief in the moral superiority of women is a staple of the 19th century, his attachment to the superiority of the womb atavistic. He has united two traditional modes of worship. Ironically his rhetoric often echoes that of male chauvinists whom he pities and condemns. Montagu is too liberal to deny women the vote, but the pedestal remains, modern science replacing the Great Intelligence

at its base.

His conservatism again shows itself when he endorses marriage, which emerges as the way in which adults must ultimately organize their emotional and sexual lives. Those who refuse to float down the mainstream of Western sexuality escape both Montagu's notice and his scorn. He ignores homosexuals, transsexuals, communes. Within his family, even the liberated father wins the bread when the children are little. The biological mother must be free for psychosocial mothering. The promise held out to the liberated father is that of love and loving, in part because his wife may be treating him like a son, crooning to him until he achieves his full humanity.

Montagu seems nostalgic for a childhood that mother made perfect, and Utopian, craving for a racial future that mothers will make perfect. Though he fears masculine power, for good reason, he sweeps away fears that women will misuse power. He ascribes to them a miraculous charity. Introducing a favorite theme, he says:

The one thing we may be certain women will never do is to lord it over men as men have for so long lorded it over them. The truly superior person doesn't need to lord it over anyone; it is only the inferior person who, in order to feel that he is superior, must have someone to look down on.

He can be sharp about "the muscle man who likes to feel his bumps and is, therefore, inclined to be bumptious," but on the whole he wants to forgive the male sex. Its "confused" and "scared" members have been victims of unconscious drives and a cultural conditioning so pervasive that it might as well have been a part of the unconscious.

Montagu has added a chapter, "The Sexual Superiority of Women," to this new edition of his book. It has a taint of the vulgarity sexual coyness breeds. Menopause is "the pause that refreshes." Although he mentions some of the new research about the sexual stamina and orgasmic potential of women, he locates their superiority in the survival benefits their sexuality confers on those who participate in it, fails to refer to authorities like Dr. Mary Jane Sherfey. The updating seems less systematic revision than a hodgepodge. For example he likes Carolyn G. Heilbrunn's *Toward a Recognition of Androgyny* because she shares his distaste for

sexual polarization and for the ghastly masculine invention of war. Yet Heilbrunn never binds nurture to nature as he does.

I find this the oddest book: anthropological anecdotes; biological flurries; economic data; relentlessly up-beat Valentine and Mother's Day greetings; a plea for a special brand of soteriological feminism. But the message is clear. Inadequate men have exercised all power inadequately, destructively. Adequate women must now exercise emotional power adequately, constructively. Men must become what they never have been—as loving as women. Women must remain what they always have been—loving. One feels about Montagu as one might about a good-hearted neighbor who brings over a prescription when one is sick. One appreciates the gesture, but is unsure if the neighbor realizes how allergic one might be to his medicine.

Catharine R. Stimpson

Fine Print

The Long Solitude of May Sarton

Doris Grumbach

Norton has celebrated May Sarton's 37-year literary career and the publication of 27 books—fiction, poetry, autobiography, a children's book—with the reissue of *Mrs. Stevens Hears the Mermaids Singing* (\$6.95), a novel first published in 1965. Sarton began to write when she was 19, is now in her 60s. Often she gives her work (and thus provides us, conveniently with) unusually indicative titles: *Kinds of Love* (1970) or the poetic account of love, aging and her time in psychiatry, *A Durable Fire* (1972). *Journal of a Solitude*, in the same year, advances her conviction that it is not in relationships but in maintaining one's aloneness that a creative woman realizes herself. And *The Small Room* (1961), the book that appealed especially to academic women (I was one then) because it raised (but never tried to solve) the question of how it was possible to be productive, scholarly, creative and yet lead the life women were "destined" for.

As a longtime reader of hers I want to

join the celebration because I admire the nature of her career—serene-seeming despite "the anguish of my life . . . its rages"; her declared traumas of bisexual love, breakdown, conflict; her increasing productivity (to my mind her book published last summer, *As We Are Now* is one of her finest achievements), everything she has written entirely professional, solid yet sensitive. As a woman I feel a closeness to her message, an alliance with her lifelong, solitary control. Although she has Hilary Stevens say to her interviewers, "May we agree that private life is irrelevant . . . out of it we try to fashion the crystal clear, the singular, the absolute, and that is what is relevant; that is what matters," her readers cannot escape her person in her writing, her Muse, mermaid and finally Medusa, because they are the warp and woof of her dedicated life and art.

I have always been interested in the way Sarton has raised the theme of productive and sustaining solitude to a literary and even a living virtue. In April she wrote on the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times* of her pleasure in the solitary life. She notes the demands that the presence of another, even a lover, make, requiring that "we soften the edge of perception, or withdraw at the very moment of personal truth for fear of hurting . . . Alone we can afford to be wholly whatever we are, and to feel whatever we feel absolutely. That is a great luxury!" In *As We Are Now* Caroline Spencer is the supreme, ultimate captive of loneliness, isolation: a helpless, aware old woman in a nursing home, fighting the authorities who would drive her into passivity and senility, preserving her sanity by recording her final experiences in a journal that she stores in a refrigerator before immolating herself and the home in a cleansing finishing fire.

Miss Spencer's resolution seems prophetic. She ends in a durable fire; the final act of solitary will is her own death. Mrs. Stevens tells of a 70-year-old writer, Hilary Stevens and her encounters, first with a young man suffering from the effects and guilt of a profound homosexual love, and then with two young writers who come to interview her. Prophecy is suggested; it is as if, in 1965, Sarton foresaw herself as an aged, solitary writer, her breakdown and her analysis to come. The interview causes the book-long journeys into Hilary's life and loves, her loveless marriage, the series of beloved women, starting with her governess Phillipa whom

she loved violently at 15. She recognizes that it was in women and her love for them that she found her creative impulse. Even Phillipa was for Hilary "the sign of the Muse . . . impossible, haunting, she who makes the whole world reverberate."

Love has always lived an uneasy, fitful, secret existence in May Sarton's novels. It enters surreptitiously, it was never meant to be admitted into the ordered life, it takes possession of the reluctant spirit. In *Mrs. Stevens*, it may be because love is irregular, but more I think because it is (as in Thomas Mann) a disruptive and diminishing force working against creative fulfillment and purpose, "love as the waker of the dead, love as conflict, love as the mirage . . . Not love as . . . lasting, faithful giving . . . No; that fidelity, that giving is what the art demands, the art itself, at the expense of every human being," Hilary tells her interviewer.

It makes no difference to us that for May Sarton the Muse is, has been, feminine—love of any kind is always "a costly indulgence in primary emotion." "Would it have ended differently . . . if Dorothea had been a man?" No, because the end is brought about by a vital rage in which "the Muse vanished"; she remembers an earlier lover's words that "we are lepers, we are treated like lepers." Here Sarton is speaking not of lovers alone but of the artist: "the creative person, the person

When I With You

when I with you so wholly disappear
into the mirror of your slender hand
grey streets of the city grow roses
and daisies, the colors of flowers
bloom in our voices, the eye of
the grocer flares like a candle

hey my heels click like dice on the
sidewalk
riverboat gambler I'm loaded & lucky
spinning my wheels as I walk with
my lady
queen of my heart who suits me
entirely
till the bones of your fingers tap on
my cheekbones
& open my eyes to the clocks in
the mirror

PETER MEINKE

who moves from an irrational source of power, has to face the fact that this power antagonizes." For Hilary (and Sarton) the face of the beloved is the gorgon face: "we have turned the Medusa face around and seen our selves. The long solitude ahead would be the richer for it."

In *Mrs. Stevens* Sarton reiterates her conviction that "loneliness is the poverty of self; solitude is the richness of self." At the end when the singing of mermaids (that John Donne says "serves to advance an honest minde") is stilled, when old Hilary tells the young Mar searching for his role in life (poet? husband? father?) that she would have liked to have been "a woman, simple and fruitful, a woman with many children, a great husband . . . and no talent!" one knows the book of 1965 was not entirely prophetic. For now May Sarton, in the practice of her talent, has learned the uses of her choices, has banked and compounded the interest on them, and found peace and hopefully, the wide recognition her work (yes, and her choice) deserves. In the final poem of her new *Collected Poems: 1930-1973* (Norton; \$10) she writes:

*My life, at best, poised on a
knife-edge
Between what art would ask and
what life takes;
Yet I am lavish with riches made
from loss . . .*

*Before we part, give me your love,
I'll use it as the key to solitude.*

Sarton's accomplishments are wider and deeper than this space allows me to explore. She has examined her sex as subject, and her art as mistress, companion and hazard. She has seen, and made us see, the dangers as well as the joys of living alone. Hers has been a durable fire, despite the fact that criticism and recognition have often ignored her; her small room seems to make most male critics uncomfortable. She accepts love now, perhaps, in a small and secret way. In her first, charming children's book, *Punch's Secret* (Norton; \$4.50), also just out, the green parrot bemoans his loneliness even after the kind hand of a human opens his cover: "It is wonderful to be loved in the morning," he thinks, but there is no one small to love in return. Put back into the dark at the end of the day "a secret friend," a mouse with "tiny hands and a white breast" comes to share his supper. "At night," he thinks,

"it is good to be loved, it is good to have a secret friend in the dark."

The secret friend. Love after the heat and trial of art. The lonely duration of the long creativity. "The intensity of the life lived here; of its stature; of its continual self-creation, and of its essential solitude. . . ." Her themes are numerous, contemporary, moving, and to me a source of constant interest and anticipation.

Correspondence

On Abortion

Sirs:

I was most disappointed to read your editorial on the abortion issue (*TNR*, May 18, 1974) for two reasons. First, I oppose abortion on the moral grounds that it is the arbitrary destruction of innocent human life. Note I said *moral* and not *sectarian*. The value of human life is not determined by a church; the matter transcends such narrow confines.

Second, your line of argumentation was most distressing. I can accept if not agree with your pro-abortion position if it is well reasoned and cogently stated, as is generally the rule with your noted editorials.

But such was not the case here, for you combined 19th century xenophobia with early 20th century muckraking techniques. Four Catholic priests exercised the rights available in a free society and testified against abortion. Several orthodox Jewish and Protestant organizations share similar sentiments — why not denounce them in the same irresponsible fashion you reserve for the four men?

You claim that "... the Roman Catholic hierarchy has produced an ugly confrontation not only with the Supreme Court, but also with a large segment of Protestantism and reform Judaism." Such rhetorical hyperbole is not only irresponsible, it is untrue. And even if it were true, who would not risk an "ugly confrontation" to save what they believe to be human lives? Certainly *The New Republic* has yet to demonstrate a reticence to articulate a controversial position. Why not reserve and defend that right for all?

Mary Fisk
Washington, DC

Sirs:

I am not now Catholic, never have been and never will be. As far as abortion goes, I do not think legal prohibition is an answer to the problem, however defined. Because of this, I am especially distressed at the reappearance of traditional anti-Catholicism in your editorial entitled "Abortion and the Law" in the May 18 issue. . . . You quote somebody as asking: "Does any group have the right to use its political muscle to impose its moral views on other citizens who do not share those views?" The answer to this question is "Of course they do, in a democracy."

What exactly are the Catholics trying to do? They are trying to pass a constitutional amendment, an extremely difficult process that cannot succeed without widespread popular support. That is, they are trying to "impose" their views in the same way every other group tries to impose their views — by convincing their countrymen that these views are correct. I do not see why the fact that these views are "moral" makes any difference. I believed it was immoral to kill Vietnamese peasants, and I tried to "impose" my views on my fellow citizens. So did many Protestant church groups, yet no one tried to deny them their rights as citizens and voluntary groups in a democracy when they did so. I have moral views about the way black citizens should be treated, and I have no compunction about imposing them on anybody. If someone believes that the personhood of the fetus is simply a fact, I believe they would be remiss if they did not agitate to see the personhood of that fetus respected, even if it meant offending their Protestant neighbors. Also I do not see why the views of those who would permit abortion are not also "moral" ones, being imposed on citizens who do not share those views. To an outsider, groups supporting abortion rights sound fully as self-righteous as the Catholics.

Especially ugly is the reference in your editorial to "ripping apart the whole fabric of mutual toleration." This is equivalent to reminding the black community that they are only 12 percent of the population, so don't get too uppity. "Toleration" for you seems to mean, "don't take your religion seriously when it conflicts with the Protestant majority."

Go ahead, disagree with the views of the Catholic church on this issue — call

them hypocrites, anything you like—but why try to deny them their democratic rights to agitate for legislation, and back up that denial with threats?

Lars T. Lih
Washington, DC

Sirs:

Unlike many liberal journals of opinion, *The New Republic* has always tried to be fair in dealing with issues involving Catholics. The editorial on "Abortion and the Law" does not live up to this tradition. The editorial follows the now-familiar tactics of setting up a religious disagreement between Catholics and every other religious group. No matter that pro-life stands have been taken by Eastern Orthodox leaders, Episcopalian bishops, Missouri Synod Lutherans and Orthodox Jewish leaders. No matter that prominent theologians have opposed easy abortion. They do not count. It is Catholics against the world. When a Methodist bishop calls it "metaphysical speculation" to call the unborn child a person, that is an acceptable contention. When a Catholic, bishop or layman, asserts the contrary, he is accused of producing an "ugly confrontation. . . ."

The editorial suggests that we merely espouse our own beliefs and not demand that others surrender *their* beliefs. But this is an inadequate answer. We are not dealing with beliefs but with actions. And the anti-life forces have made no secret that they are imperialistic. We are not faced with just a decriminalization of one act that we consider immoral. We are assailed with the realization that millions of our tax dollars are paying for the killing of untold unborn children. We are being threatened with legal actions that would force our Catholic hospitals to close rather than take part in this blood bath. Our doctors and nurses are in danger of being penalized for following their consciences. When we turn on our radios, we hear our people being solicited to these abominations. We hear of high school students being taught that killing the unborn child is acceptable. We cannot in good conscience sit on our hands and watch the anti-life forces redefine our public policy.

Rev. George P. Graham
Rockville Centre, New York

Sirs:

I think you are totally irresponsible and grossly unfair in the light you have presented the Catholic hierarchy and clergy in their attempts to outlaw abortion. These Catholics, together with the Fundamentalists and other Protestant groups, should be loudly praised for their courage to prevent the brutal crimes of Nazi Germany from being repeated here in America. The whole world was outraged (somewhat belatedly) in learning the truth of what had taken place in Germany. Hundreds of thousands of people turned their backs on, or pretended not to see, the terrible crimes and degradations committed against Jews and political prisoners, who were often considered not really persons.

The Catholics and others who oppose abortion are desperate to shake America loose of its obsession with materialism. They are dedicated to preventing these same crimes from spreading here. Doctors and nurses and others trained in the care of life here, as in Nazi Germany, are now working, and at a great profit, toward the destruction of life at its very beginning. How soon until our aged, handicapped and mentally retarded are "not really persons," or become "unwanted" by their families because of the financial burdens they impose?

Since the Supreme Court decision was handed down, over a million babies have been killed through legal abortions. And not just babies in the very early weeks of pregnancy, but very much later when there is absolutely no doubt that a human being is present. A human life amendment such as that introduced by Sen. Buckley is the only way to prevent wholesale slaughter of the unprotected young. And this is clearly much different than merely legislating so-called minority morality like food products in the Bronx or to have liquor or not!

The solution to the problem of unwanted pregnancy is not to kill the child, but to attack the problem at its source: sexual irresponsibility. Pregnancy is a statistically predictable result of the act of intercourse. Control and changes in behavior have to come before conception, not after when a new life has been started.

Geraldine M. Nordsieck
Santa Barbara, California

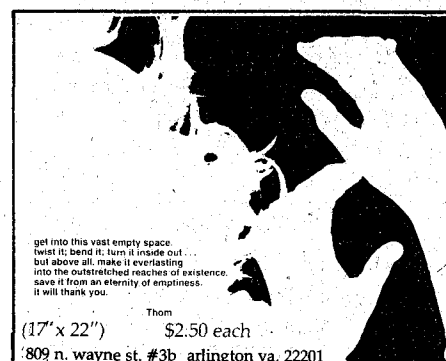
Sirs:

As a Catholic priest, may I reply without "ferocity" to your editorial, "Abortion and the Law"? Granted, the thesis that the fertilized ovum is an actual human person is a "metaphysical speculation" that may "never be definitely settled." Let me only question whether it is a "religious concept" on a par with prohibition (Protestant), kosher foods (Jewish), and, for good measure, eating meat on Good Friday (Catholic). I for one would certainly oppose a law which would forbid restaurants to serve meat on that day as a political favor to overly pious Catholics.

I make no charge of "Nazi genocide," but your editorial's mention of that phrase within inches of criticizing the political efforts of four American cardinals suggested an idea. In *Germans Against Hitler*, Terence Prittie says, with restraint, some harsh things about Catholics vis-à-vis Hitler's Germany. But he also says: "In 1933 the Roman Catholic Church was possibly the only Christian body in Germany which was in a position to defend itself against Hitler with a fair prospect of success. . . . Behind it stood the Papacy, with its tremendous power and authority, in a largely Catholic Europe." If current opinion is that the Catholic hierarchy could and should have done more in the 1930s to thwart Hitler beyond protecting merely intramural Catholic concerns, it is hard for me to see why people object to American bishops politically opposing an extramural development that to them looks ominous in 1974. . . .

I regret "an ugly confrontation" within American polity as much as the editors of *TNR* and the Catholic cardinals do, but an ugly political confrontation made inevitable by the moral sense of differing but conscientious and earnest men may be the least of several possible evils.

Philip C. Fischer, S.J.
Omaha, Nebraska



Kauffmann, from page 20

McMurtry, the author of *The Last Picture Show*, is Daisy's young brother, Randolph, and is the only person in the cast who slips into place perfectly. (Henry James' use of children as extraordinary agents is fascinating—in this story, *The Turn of the Screw*, *The Pupil*.)

To my knowledge there has been only one fairly adequate James film, William Wyler's *The Heiress* (1949), based on *Washington Square*. I'm surprised that Bogdanovich didn't study it more closely, at least for tone. If you have ever seen an American college production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, then you have some idea of the societal falsity in this picture, which must live, or not, by its societal truth.

The Sugarland Express is excruciating in every cinematically hip, film-school-wise-guy way. The story is based on a 1969 incident—an escaped convict and his wife driving 300 miles across Texas to reclaim their child from his adoptive parents, followed by police who are trying to keep from hurting them and their hostage policeman, inflated into instant folk-myth by television. Everything about the picture's execution seems stale just from sweating so hard to keep up to the minute. I haven't disliked an American film so much since *Electra Glide in Blue*.

Goldie Hawn, the wife, uses clichés of vernacular "behaving" and of self-induced hysteria to con those who can't distinguish those matters from acting. William Atherton is almost as bad as her husband. Ben Johnson once again does a humane chief of police. (Haven't we had enough of that character since *Lonely Are the Brave* in 1962?)

Like virtually every chromium-plated smart ass, the director, Steven Spielberg, is full of essentially sentimental symbols—blatant ones like a teddy bear getting run over in the road, more sophisticated ones like pink hair-rollers for Goldie and the antics of some ultra-male hunters. I had my reservations about *Badlands*, but if you want to see the difference between a new American filmmaker with a mind (Terrence Malick) and one without, see *The Sugarland Express*. There's no other reason to see it.

NEXT WEEK

Stanley Kauffmann reviews
Claude Chabrol's new film
Wedding in Blood

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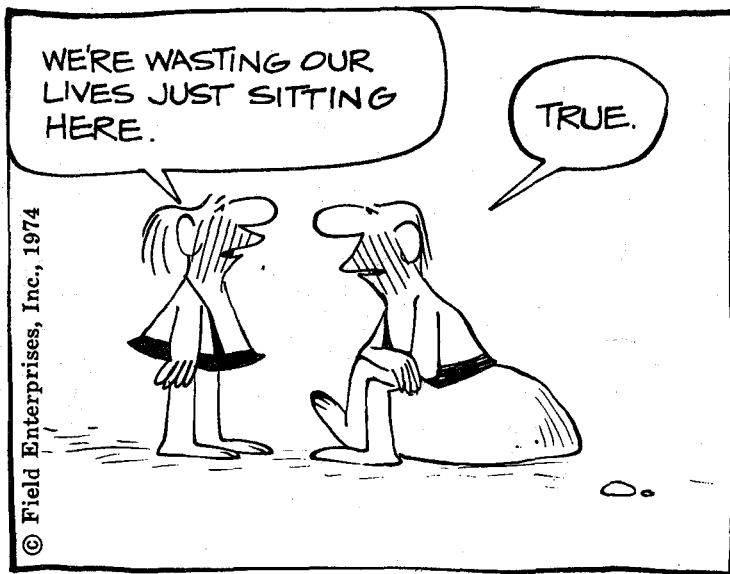
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